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# COUNTRY LIFE

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MRS. FARQUHARSON AND DAUGHTERS.

178, Regent Street.



**THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits**

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On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XV. of COUNTRY LIFE is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.

## THE BLACK LIST.

**A** VALUABLE amount of insight into the present condition of Great Britain may be obtained by a study of the bankruptcy return issued by the Board of Trade for 1903. Its salient features are a considerable increase in the number of those who have failed to meet their obligations, accompanied by a slight falling-off in the total amount of the losses to creditors. The Inspector-General dwells on several features in his report that seem to point to the growth of certain most undesirable habits amongst our people. He shows, for instance, that those on the verge of bankruptcy very seldom make any serious attempt at retrenching their expenditure. "Little regard," he says, "is had to whether profits or losses are made. The debtor considers himself entitled to live handsomely on his business as long as it can be kept going, and ultimately his extravagant withdrawals go to swell the deficiency of his assets." Some of the examples quoted to substantiate this opinion suggest that drastic changes in the law might be made with advantage. One is that of a leather merchant who lost £21,000 in three years, and during that time drew £2,000 a year for household and personal expenses. Another example is that of two timber merchants, who made close on £30,000 profits in fifteen years, and their withdrawals were over £54,000. It seems to be a most anomalous state of things that two men, who during such a long period of time earned on an average £2,000 a year, should have gone bankrupt in the end through the fact of their spending between £3,000 and £4,000. It points a moral, frequently drawn, to the effect that a great many people in this country live consciously beyond their income, and the very expensive pleasures now so common are to a large extent indulged in at the cost of the comparatively poor tradesmen who supply the household requirements. The story of two Austrian Jews affords

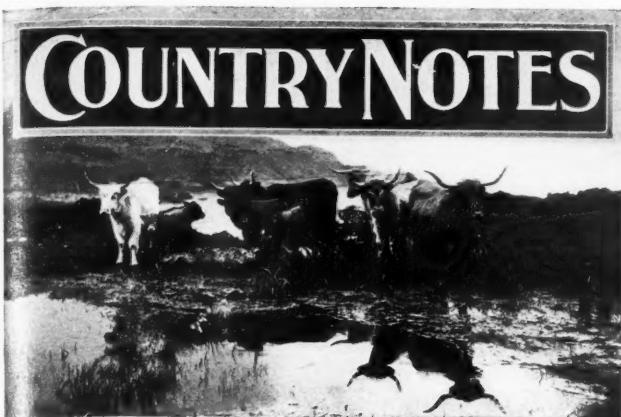
another effective illustration of the modern art of living sumptuously on nothing. They began business in 1894 without capital, and managed to draw £28,000 in nine years, though no mention is made of the calling that yielded this lucrative result. At the end of the time they failed with assets worth £7,000 to meet liabilities of £97,000. Of course it is very difficult to judge without knowing more details than it would be discreet of the Inspector-General to give; but at the first blush it does not seem easy to differentiate between people like this and those who are sent to enjoy the hospitality of one of His Majesty's prisons for dishonesty.

Another case cited by the Inspector-General deserves close attention, as it points to what is, we are afraid, an increasing system of fraud. The largest failure was that of a firm of solicitors who belonged to a house that was a hundred years old. They had incurred liabilities put at £218,000, and the possible assets at from £15,000 to £20,000. This was one of fifty-two solicitors who failed with liabilities only a few pounds short of half a million, and the explanation is, unfortunately, only too simple. The old-established firm of solicitors is entrusted with money to invest, and loses it. In many of the cases it is very difficult to discriminate between misfortune and dishonesty. Another kind of fraud against which warning is issued is that partnership names are very frequently adopted for dishonest purposes. Credit is obtained, and those who have given it find it very difficult to discover who are the real persons against whom liabilities can be established. But quite apart from these side-lights on the more disreputable side of English commercial life, the facts disclosed by the report have a very important bearing on many of the questions of the day.

The risky callings in English life, if we may judge from the number of bankruptcies credited to them, are those of shopkeepers to a great extent. Thus, 360 drapers failed, 231 tailors, 356 leather-sellers, 345 grocers, 107 greengrocers, 384 beer-sellers, and 368 metal merchants; but the building trade easily topped all these with 891 failures. Farmers held a middle place with 300 failures, and were not far removed from the bakers, who had 226 failures. Of course, it is very difficult to draw any safe inference from these figures, as failure may be brought about by either of two causes—bad trade or unsound enterprise. In the first place, if a calling attracts to it speculators, or people of a speculative tendency, it is likely that a proportion of them will come to grief. We take building as an example. The phrase "a speculative builder" has come to be almost a byword, and no doubt a great deal of this work is done on the neck-or-nothing principle; that is to say, the builder knows perfectly well that he is risking all he has on the off-chance of making a large sum of money. If, in addition to the risks incidental to this style of business, there should come a period of bad trade, then it is only natural to expect some such large list of failures as is given in this report. At the opposite end of the scale we might put the calling of the farmer. Even in these days of depression it attracts to it, as a rule, those who are content with a moderate return for their money. Scarcely anyone buys or hires agricultural land in our time with the mad idea of making a fortune out of it. Indeed now, as always, men with a fair amount of capital will often go into farming content with the minimum of profit, or even no profit at all, but simply for the sake of the pleasure afforded by a pursuit that necessitates constant living in the open air. Thus failures in the agricultural business point with far more certainty to bad times than do failures in almost any other branch of business. A section of the report is devoted to the failures of women, which have increased in number as compared with last year, the increase being mostly among the married women bankrupts. The figures, indeed, are surprising. There were 200 married women engaged in trade who went bankrupt as compared with 157 widows and 77 spinsters. Probably a wife who has to take to business is driven to it by some defect or incapacity in her husband, and, most likely, has more liabilities to meet; but we would have expected the spinsters and widows to have largely outnumbered them. It seems that where women come to grief most frequently is as grocers, drapers, and haberdashers, milliners and dressmakers, and lodging-housekeepers. For the man it would appear that the safest concern to be associated with are those of brewers, brick and tile manufacturers, decorators and painters, and tanners, as in each of these businesses only one failure had to be recorded in the course of a year. It is more easy to understand how the brewer maintains his prosperity than how the others succeed in eluding the Bankruptcy Court.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Farquharson and her two daughters. Mrs. Farquharson was the second daughter of the late Sir Richard Musgrave, and was married in 1893 to Alexander Haldane Farquharson, Esq. of Invercauld, Ballater, N.B.



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE made a very sensible, and also a somewhat pathetic, speech to the assembled farmers of the famous grazing country of Skipton in Craven, to which area the Bolton Abbey estates belong. He told them not to trust in any political remarks whatever, but to rely on their own energy and common-sense. Then he spoke in the personal vein, recalling his "joy and pride" when, as a boy, he won 10s. as second prize for a pig at a local show. He then said that he now began to feel that the time left in which he could be of service to his neighbours was not what it was; that he saw, by reference to the game-book, that it was fifty-seven years since he went to Bolton Abbey, and that he was fortunate to be able to go out grouse-shooting at the age of seventy-one. But *Anno Domini* shows little in the appearance and figure of the Duke, the first subject in England alike for character and position, whether in political or social life. The respect and affection with which he is regarded by all around Bolton Abbey are absolutely unbounded.

The Duke gave the weight of his influence to a number of sensible suggestions for reducing the rural exodus to a minimum. His theory is quite sound, that faulty education has more to do with the question than agricultural depression. As a matter of fact, the exodus has been as great from the districts that have suffered comparatively little from agricultural depression as it has been where farming has been at the lowest ebb. To take one example from many, one of the writers for the Board of Agriculture has shown that there has been a diminution amounting very nearly to a total extinction of the field-faring women. Can one wonder at it, when strong, sun-tanned girls are set down on hot afternoons not to learn useful lessons about the farm and the dairy, but to do fine stitching; and if boys are educated exclusively from books, and not taught to use their senses, they are being fitted not for agricultural labourers, but to be clerks and shopkeepers.

The rapidity and certainty with which the Japanese move their very large forces, whether in advance or retreat, and through a country of plains without roads, and mountains almost without tracks, is partly explained by the novel character of the Japanese transport. Neither advance nor retreat disorganises it, and where we were wasting millions, and losing transport animals by the hundred thousand, Japan has secured cheapness and efficiency, together with humanity. According to a well-informed correspondent the Japanese have not lost 6 per cent. of their transport horses, and of these only a few are dead, the others being only temporarily unfit. The secret of their success is that instead of using heavy sacks, and heavy packages, whether of food or stores, they reduce the "unit" to a weight easily picked up, handled, and packed. To use a civilian metaphor, their luggage is all "handbags." The horses are little, but so are the carts, the floors of which are only 18in. above the ground. The largest packages weigh only 70lb., while the barley for the horses is carried in 40lb. bags. Besides these pony-carts they have man-handled carts, pack ponies, and pack coolies. Tens of thousands of the latter accompany the forces, and only 2 per cent. are in hospital.

It seems to be a matter for something more than regretful sentiment that a relentless War Office should feel itself obliged to deprive a famous regiment, the Scots Greys, of the grey horses which some think provided its name, and with which its honours have been closely associated; but it has been decided that the colour is too conspicuous for the purposes of modern warfare. The band alone are to be permitted to have grey horses—"the terrible grey horses," as, on a famous occasion, they were described by Napoleon. It is said, by the by—and the reformer will have this in his favour—that the title of the regiment was not originally given on account of the horses, but

as a description of the grey clothes worn by the men. Be this as it may, while not venturing to criticise the decision of the War Office in a matter of this kind, we cannot help feeling sorry that the soldiers henceforth are to be deprived of the horses with which the regiment has been so closely associated in the past.

The discovery of a hoard of no less than a quarter of a million pounds lends actuality to the search that has frequently been repeated for the treasure which the late President Kruger was said to have buried when compelled by stress of circumstances to leave Pretoria. It was found by Mr. Kemp, a cousin of General Kemp's, beyond Spelonker, and is the third find of the kind, as in March of the present year two hoards of £6,000 and £3,500 respectively were found, one in Swaziland and the other across the Transvaal frontier. It was rumoured at the time that the total amount of gold taken by Mr. Kruger from the Pretoria mint amounted to a sum variously estimated as between two and six million pounds. From his will it is evident that at least three-quarters of a million was safely conveyed to Europe, but the other Boer leaders seem to have objected to his taking the remainder of the funds out of the country, and resorted to the primitive expedient of burying them. The strange fact is that they should have allowed it to remain in the ground so long. There must surely be survivors of the war who knew something about the concealment of this money, and who might have been able to lay hands on it. Probably if there are other amounts buried elsewhere they will now be rapidly disposed of, as the finding of this portion of the money will give the alarm to those who hold the secret of the rest. We believe that the sum found will be divided between the finder and the Government, each taking a half.

#### THE HILLS.

The far hills stretch along the West,  
Wild wooded hills with summer drest,  
And lovely valleys lie between  
Lone hills where I have never been!  
Nor ever seen with outward eye,  
The glories that beyond them lie,  
But walked apart, and let them be  
A wonder and a dream to me,  
A land of Paradise grace,  
A brighter world, a fairy place.

For there with her diviner sight  
Imagination spreads delight,  
And decks with fair and fragrant flowers  
The march of the unclouded hours;  
And there I walk with golden days  
Along the unfrequented ways,  
And in imagined beauty find  
An ecstasy of heart and mind,  
An inner grace, a lasting joy,  
No outward vision shall destroy.

But here, with weary feet I climb  
The steep and stony hills of Time,  
Nor know to what serener view  
My halting footsteps press unto;  
I cannot see the hidden height  
That towers above me into night,  
But past the darkness far away  
I wist there shines unending day,  
And on the further side doth lie  
The Garden of Eternity.

R. G. T. COVENTRY.

In the latest returns of the Registrar-General, a disagreeable feature is, as has been the case with all recent returns, the large infant mortality that has to be chronicled. In the seventy-six great towns it averaged no less than 120 per thousand, as compared with a death-rate of all persons of 15·3 per thousand. The towns in which the infant mortality was lowest are Hastings, Reading, Willesden, Hornsey, and Leyton. Those in which the rate was highest are Hanley, Birmingham, Manchester, Norwich, Burnley, and Blackburn, where it amounted to no less than 182 per thousand. But in some of the smaller towns not included in the seventy-six referred to, the death-rate of infants was still higher. In Hyde it was 206 per thousand, in Stalbridge 231, and in Bilston 234. The Registrar-General does good service in supplying us with these facts. They form an indisputable ground-work on which investigation could be based, but it would be most useful to know the causes of this formidable death-roll of young children. In what measure is it due to bad and ignorant nursing on the part of mothers who, for the most part, receive no training whatever for the most important duty that a human being can be called upon to perform; or is it in any measure to be traced to the adulteration of cow's milk, which is in so many cases substituted for the natural food of children? These are very important points to

determine, and if we could obtain exact knowledge in regard to them, it would do more than anything else to check any deterioration that is taking place in the race.

The new judge of the High Court, Mr. Justice Lawrence, commonly distinguished at the bar by his initials, "A. T.," is a man of many interests besides those that are directly concerned with his profession. He is a keen sportsman, noted in his youth as a fine rider, a good shot and fisherman, and now employs his learned leisure principally in propelling the golf ball round the links of Nairn, where he has a charming house. He is a native of Monmouthshire, was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, called to the Bar of the Middle Temple in 1869, and practised on the Oxford circuit.

An interesting report issued by the Committee of the Manx Government Sea Fish Hatchery, supplemented by a report from Professor Herdman, the director of the hatchery, serves to call attention to good work done in the replenishment of the supply of food fish in the sea, which some prophets of evil have feared was being seriously depleted. About 1,000,000 young plaice have been sent out from the hatchery into the ocean during the past year, and a great number of immature lobsters in the larval state, hatched out from eggs in the hatchery, have been turned into the open sea. The public have seen so many reports of what has been done in this direction by the United States Government, with a success that we are assured has been very notable, especially in partly land-locked waters, and the idea has become so prevalent that our home authorities are neglecting efforts of a like kind that might usefully be made on our own coasts, that it is very satisfactory to receive assurances, such as are given by these reports, that the subject is engaging a certain measure, at least, of practical attention.

A correspondent sends a photograph of fifteen trout, averaging more than two pounds each, caught on a reservoir in Leicestershire, a county in which trout-fishing is not expected. These were splendid fish, in first-class condition. This, which is only one of many similar cases recorded, seems to point to the desirability of the regular stocking of all town and district reservoirs with rainbow trout. Fishermen in general have suffered greatly by the abstraction of water from rivers for the use of the towns. The towns might make a graceful return by stocking the waters so diverted. No one expects to fish for nothing, and leave might be conferred by selling tickets, and applying the money to relieve the rates.

The erosion by the sea of the coast-line on the East of England from Whitby southwards is proceeding at a rate that creates a situation of some gravity. The recent landslip at Cromer has once again drawn public attention to the gradual subsidence that placed the sometime town of Orwell beneath the sea, and enabled ships to sail over the sites of many Norfolk and Yorkshire villages of olden time. It is computed that the coast-line is being eaten away at a general annual rate of some 5 ft.; and though some of the more important seaside resorts, such as Sheringham, for instance, appear to have made themselves fairly safe for the time being, by means of the construction of sea-walls that have cost what is popularly known as "a pretty penny," it can hardly be hoped that such defences can serve more than a temporary purpose. It is true that in some parts of England the land is gaining on the sea, and there is no reason to fear a serious curtailment of the national territory; but on the East Coast there are many places where a mortgage on land or house property can hardly be regarded as a very good investment, and locally the case is very serious.

It becomes increasingly evident that the "live" rail is a danger from which the public must be protected, and the reports of the inspecting officers of the Board of Trade do not go far enough in their recommendations. They deal chiefly with trespassers; but though trespassing on a line of rails may be an offence, it is not so serious as to deserve the punishment of a sudden and frightful death. A North of England coroner remarked at the inquest held on one of the victims, that "to be killed instantly was a frightful penalty to pay," and "he did not believe that the public of England would suffer it to continue." His views will meet with general sympathy. Suppose, as a correspondent has suggested, that children wandering in search of wild flowers, passengers in case of an accident, cattle and horses straying through broken fences, dogs belonging to farmers and shepherds, hounds crossing the railway, should all, or any of them, meet with death, it would be intolerable. The only possible remedy seems to be that the "live" rail should be protected from the public throughout its entire length. Until this is done the mind of the public will not be at ease in the matter.

The fine collection of engravings, drawings, letters, and wood-blocks executed by Thomas Bewick, bequeathed to the town of Newcastle by the late John William Pease, was opened to the public on Monday. It is not given to one man in a million to see and feel what Bewick saw and felt of the poetry and significance of the rural life of the North. But Bewick went on to transcribe what he saw and felt, not only by first intention with exquisite little pictures, but then to reproduce these by the engraver's art in a way never equalled since. Among the interesting technical memoranda of his work at Newcastle is the spoiled block of the Chillingham bull. Bewick had taken vast pains over this, and only finished it late in the week. After taking the five vellum impressions now presented to Newcastle, he put the block on the window-sill to dry. It was forgotten till the following Monday, when it was found that the hot sun had cracked the wood, and the block has not been of service since.

It seems that steps are about to be taken to vindicate the right of pedestrians on the public roads. There is in process of formation a society to be called the Highways Protection League. Its object is to attend to the comfort of those people who pass along our high roads on foot, it being very frequently assumed by the drivers of vehicles that the humble foot-passenger is simply bound to get out of the way, and has not equal rights with himself on the road. There is, undoubtedly, plenty of scope for such a society as is being contemplated, but we hope that it will start on its career without antagonism to any existing society. It would be an easy matter to enlist public sympathy in favour of those whose object is simply to maintain the natural rights of the citizen, but we are sure that this might be done without coming to loggerheads with those whose tastes do not lead them to perform their journeys on foot. It is, undoubtedly, true that walking on the highway, especially in very dry and dusty weather, is not nearly so pleasant as it used to be, and anyone would perform a very great public service who could invent a method of dealing with the immense clouds of dust raised by modern vehicles. It would seem to call for an entirely new treatment of the roads. At any rate, it is to be hoped that in the construction of new roads, or the enlargement of those that are old, necessitated in many districts by the alteration of traffic, care will be exercised to render the conditions as pleasant as possible to the pedestrian.

#### BITTER-SWEET.

Oh days of gold, oh wistful days  
Of soft-barred clouds, and tender haze,  
When robins sing, clear, sad, and sweet,  
And Autumn with her bare brown feet  
Steals down the yellow woodland ways,  
And Life and Death together meet.  
  
Oh silent days, oh days of gold!  
Serene, and passionless you hold  
Secrets that Spring can never guess  
For all her wayward loveliness,  
Her thrushes, and her crocus gold,  
Her wild sweet winds, and restlessness!  
  
Oh sad-heart days, oh days of gold!  
What haunting memories unfold  
When grey dews cling, and tranquil skies  
Bring tears unbidden to our eyes!  
What ghosts of happy days you hold  
In your sweet stillness, and serenities!

ROSAMOND NAPIER.

The return from the Home Office showing what an important increase has taken place in the number of motor-cars and in the licences issued to drivers, throws an interesting light on the revolution that is taking place in the wheeled traffic of Great Britain. On January 1st the total number of motor-cars and motor-cycles registered in Great Britain and Ireland was 13,521, but by April 1st this had swollen to 31,421. This seems to speak of very great activity in those works which are engaged in manufacturing motor-cars, but it is also eloquent not only of the new tastes that have come into being, but of the increased sphere of usefulness which has been discovered for the motor-car. One cannot go out of London in any direction without discovering that vehicles of this kind have been started either to rival or to supplement the railway service, and in small, out-of-the-way towns the motor-cycle has come into common use as a means of transit for the ordinary small tradesmen of the place. No doubt the movement is still only in its early and experimental stage. Every day we seem to see new fields of operation for the motor; and although the experience of steam showed that the discovery of the new motive power was by no means imatical to the value of horses, it seems inevitable that much of the work now being accomplished by flesh and bone will in the future be done mechanically.

## GROUSE-SHOOTING AT BROOMHEAD.



W. A. Rouch

"BROOMHEAD DRIVE UP."

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**B**ROOMHEAD, the home of Mr. Reginald Rimington Wilson and of his mother, has long been famous amongst shooting men for the wonderful bags of grouse which have been obtained there for the last thirty-five years. On August 24th, 1904, the moor fairly excelled itself by yielding 1,351 brace of grouse to the party of nine guns—a record in the history of grouse-shooting, and showing what an enormous number of grouse may be kept on a comparatively small moor (it is only just over 4,000 acres) provided it is scientifically burnt, no sheep encouraged, the vermin mercilessly destroyed, and a very large stock left, as is the case here.

Before describing the shooting, we will look round the house and grounds. The house itself, standing over 1,000ft. above the sea, is for the most part about 300 years old, though there are some portions much older, and is built of a good grey stone. It stands square and solid, with heavily mullioned windows, looking over a splendid view right down the Wharnecliffe valley. Immediately in front of the entrance is a charming flower and fruit garden, well sheltered by a fir wood, and masses of rhododendrons, which seem to flourish exceedingly in this soil. Beyond the wood you come right on to the moor, which is so close that you may hear the cheery "back, back, come back, come back" of the old cock grouse in the early morning, whilst you are still lying in bed hoping for a fine day and straight powder. The interior is most comfortable; there is a fine oak staircase, and heavy beams

of oak support the ceilings of the ground floor rooms. Wilsons have lived here for over 600 years.

And now for a short description of the "record day." The party of nine guns consisted of Mr. Reginald and his brother, Mr. Harry Rimington Wilson, The Mackintosh, Lord Powys, Lord Savile, Lord Onslow, Lord Cecil Manners, Mr. Heatley Noble, and the writer. Leaving the house about nine o'clock, we had a nice walk of some three miles, first along the edge of the moor towards Sheffield, and then, turning westward, we kept along the march for, perhaps, a mile and a-quarter until we came level with the line of boxes. The day was fine; the views were lovely; it was reported that grouse were fairly good; the only thing against a successful day being the direction of the wind, *i.e.*, N.N.E., fairly strong. Broomhead Moor is, as I said before, only 4,000 acres in extent. The grouse are very strong and wild, and it requires the most skilful flanking, even when the wind is from the best direction, *i.e.*, S.W., to keep the big packs on the ground. The moor is shaped somewhat like an hour-glass, with one bulb much larger than the other.

The object of the first drive is to bring all the birds on the moor above the line of butts to B—*i.e.*, Flint Hill—and having got them there to push them over the butts, taking care to flank them in as much as possible over the centre and right of the line. This drive brings in, roughly speaking, 3,200 acres. The return drive, "Broomhead Moor up," brings in perhaps 800 acres, and is rather over a mile in length; by looking at the plan it is easy to



W. A. Rouch.

THEY COME STREAMING OVER.

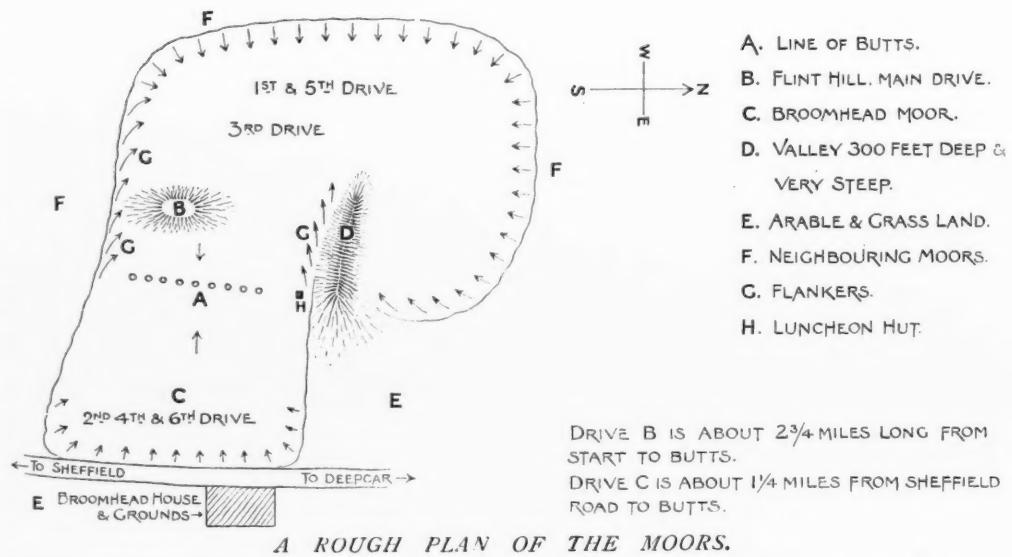
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[Sept. 3rd, 1904.]

see how very important the wind question is. If the wind is from the North, it is very difficult indeed to keep the birds on the moor, whilst, if there is any East in it, the sound of the heavy shooting is carried up the beat B, and is very apt to make the big packs break out on the down-wind side.

On the present occasion the wind was rather strong from the N.N.E. We had drawn for butts the previous evening, so found our respective boxes already occupied by our loaders and retrievers. Each drive is started by time, the whole scheme having been worked out to a nicety; the butts are very large and luxurious, being boarded and furnished with a neat wooden rack fastened into the heather to rest the guns against after the drive is over, shooting after the drive is over being wisely prohibited here, as it is a constant source of accidents.

We have now got settled in our places, and look through our



DRIVE B IS ABOUT  $2\frac{3}{4}$  MILES LONG FROM START TO BUTTS.

DRIVE C IS ABOUT  $1\frac{1}{4}$  MILES FROM SHEFFIELD ROAD TO BUTTS.

pick up a runner or wounded bird that he may see lying within a few yards of him, thereby spoiling your friend's and your own sport. Very shortly after 10.15, the time for the first drive to commence, the first pack arrives, probably consisting



W. A. Rouch.

## THE FIRST DRIVE.

*Birds coming to The Mackintosh.*

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guns to see that they are loaded, also that our retrievers are fastened to a stake at the back of the box—a wise precaution, as in the excitement of a big drive the best and steadiest of retrievers may lose his head, and leave the box for a moment to

of old barren birds; they have already flown nearly three miles, and have a great pace on. As they pass the centre of the line some of them swerve down wind, giving every gun a chance as they pass either across his front, over, or behind him, and disappear at sixty miles an hour, leaving a fair proportion behind.

A few moments after this the rising ground half a mile in front, called Flint Hill, is the object of everyone's interest, as pack after pack arrive there, some working away almost to the march, causing us to dread that they will break out, as they have the wind on their quarter; but, just at the right moment, up jump the flankers, and with much shouting and waving of flags they succeed in turning the leaders, and the whole pack, swinging round, come straight for the line of butts at a terrific pace. If they cross the right-hand guns, besides being fast, they are also high, and it is exceedingly difficult to calculate the exact moment to begin at the leaders; if you wait too long, they are on and over you before you can get properly on them, you get out of time, and never have a satisfactory look in. When the drivers at last appear over the shoulder of Flint Hill, large



W. A. Rouch.

LORD CECIL MANNERS AND HIS DOG.

Copyright

numbers of grouse get up, singly and in twos, threes, and fives, and it is then that one gets very pretty and quick shooting.

Directly the first drive is over, and whilst we are all busy "picking up," the indefatigable head-keeper Ward marches his army of drivers off to line out for the return drive of "Broomhead Moor up," which is timed to start at 10.45. If you have been lucky and have knocked down from sixty to ninety birds, you will have your work cut out to pick them up before it is time to get into your butt again. N.B.—You move two up each time.

This drive, though shorter, is quite as prolific as No. 1, as the birds have to fly rather up hill till within 200yds. of the guns. They are not by any means so easy as they look. Although they are flying a bit slower, they are all, or nearly all, flying across, and never straight for you, so you get plenty of practice at crossing birds both before and behind.

The birds are brought over the same line for each drive, but the butts for No. 2 drive are placed somewhat differently to those used for No. 1—*i.e.*, some



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MR. WILSON ON HIS SHOOTING PONY.

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is ample; if they are further apart, birds get pricked, and shooting accidents are apt to occur, owing to your trying to



W. A. Rouch.

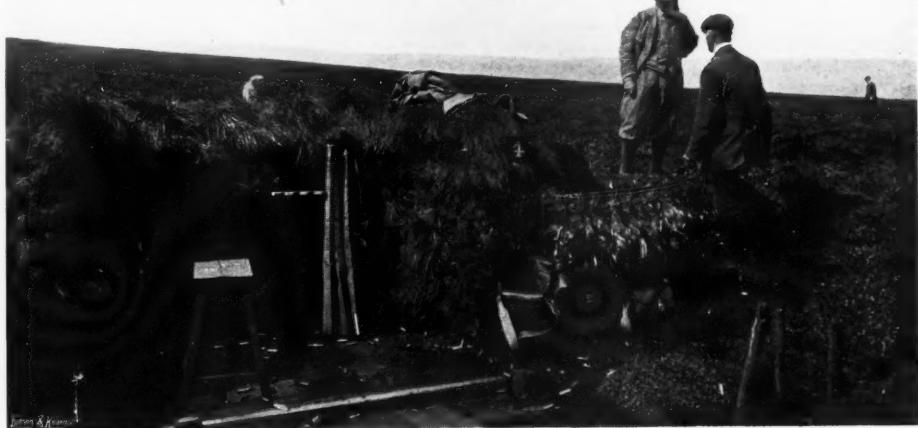
A NICE LOT.

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300yds. back, and they run down the hill some 200yds. further. Fifty-five yards is the distance between each butt, and that

take birds nearer in than you ought to. The third and fourth drives are a repetition of Nos. 1 and 2, except that the beaters do not go so far back for No. 3; they have not time. Luncheon then comes, about 2.30, and very welcome, too, as we have breakfasted early, and have had a very hard morning's work. The luncheon-hut is solidly built to withstand the roughest weather, and is a great luxury on a wet day. On the present occasion, after the first four drives, we had killed just 1,000 brace, and I think each gun had killed his 100 brace in those four drives.

After luncheon No. 5 drive started at 3.30, bringing in the whole ground as in No. 1. By this time large numbers of birds had broken out, of course, in spite of the most skilful flanking; therefore, these last two drives were not quite so prolific as those earlier in the day; still, 350 brace were added to the bag, including the pick up. This is the third time that the enormous total of over 1,300 brace has been obtained in one day on Broomhead Moor, *i.e.*, in 1872 (with thirteen guns), in 1892 or 1893, and this year. The reason why the moor is so wonderfully good is that Mr. Rimington Wilson, ably seconded by



W. A. Rouch.

A BROOMHEAD BUTT.

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his brother and Ward, the head-keeper, have consistently burnt the heather scientifically, and sheep have been cleared off; consequently there is an abundance of the best grouse food, added to which there are no vermin, and a very large stock is left; also the moor is a dry one. If the stock is considered low, there is hardly any shooting after the first week. Would that this good example were more frequently followed!

As regards stock, Mr. Wilson told me that he considered 1,200 brace the least that should be left, and yet there is no disease, or very rarely any. On the second day rabbits are shot in the warren, and very good rabbits too, though the fastest rabbit can hardly hope to compare with a moderate grouse. On this occasion the day was perfect, the views were magnificent, and seven guns accounted for 1,250 rabbits. The third day is a repetition of the first, over the same ground; but the grouse, having quickly learnt where the danger lies, attempt "breaking out" tactics more determinedly than ever, and if they do have to come forward, they fly very fast and high. On the present occasion there was a very strong wind behind them. The first drive was perfection; every bird was worth a guinea to shoot at and a fiver to kill." Looking down the line, it was a very pretty sight to see these fast and high birds collapsing at all heights and angles. Mr. Wilson and his brother did not shoot on this day, for fear of pitching into the stock too much for the second week. The Mackintosh was obliged to leave, and the six guns who did have the pleasure of taking part in the day killed 450 brace.

Altogether this week at Broomhead in August, 1904, was perfection, both as regards weather, management, and the number of grouse on the moor, and I venture to say that it will be marked with a red letter of the largest size in the memory of all who had the good fortune to take part in it.

The second shooting party will have their turn a fortnight hence, when, given fine weather, another 800 brace should be accounted for, and with small drives later on in the season, the usual total of something over 3,000 brace will be obtained off this wonderful 4,000 acres of heather, and an ample stock will remain for breeding purposes next year. In some very good seasons over 4,000 brace have been obtained.

ARTHUR ACLAND-HOOD.

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

If any doubt were left in regard to the fact that the late Sir Leslie Stephen died in the very zenith of his powers, it would be dissipated by a perusal of the posthumous *Hobbes*, which he contributed to "The English Men of Letters Series" (Macmillan). Here, no doubt, Sir Leslie Stephen found a theme after his own heart. Hobbes, in some respects, might be called the Mr. Herbert Spencer of his own time. Very little is known about him biographically. A few pages prefixed to the early edition of "The Leviathan" contain almost the whole of the material for a life that bordered close on being that of a centenarian. He was born on April 5th, 1588, coming into this world prematurely, owing to the terror inspired by the rumour that the Spanish Armada was coming to England. This may seem an insignificant circumstance, but it is possible that biographers are not altogether wrong in attributing to the circumstances of his birth an extraordinary timidity that characterised Hobbes. He himself spoke of this timidity with a certain complacency, attributing to it his hatred of his country's foes and his love of peace. His father, Thomas Hobbes, vicar of Westbury, did not resemble his son in this respect, for he is described as a choleric man, and one of the incidents of real life that have been recorded of him is the occasion on which he struck a parson, probably enough the man who had succeeded him at Westbury, and for the offence was obliged to fly to some



W. A. Rouch.

THE GUNS WHO MADE THE RECORD.

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region vaguely described as "beyond London." This is all we know of the philosopher's father. His mother was left at Malmesbury with the three children, Thomas, John (Thomas's senior by two years), and a daughter. Luckily, a childless uncle took charge of the family, and saw to their education. Hobbes seems to have been fortunate in his schoolmaster, a Mr. Latimer, who is described as "a good Grecian, and the first that came into our parts hereabouts since the Reformation." He must have been

well taught, since at the age of fourteen he was able to translate the "Medea" of Euripides into Latin iambics. At that time he was nicknamed the crow, on account of his black hair, and had even then begun to display a "contemplative melancholiness," though, on the other hand, he was said to be "playsome enough." His education was completed at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he was admitted to his B.A. degree in 1608. At the University he does not seem to have been a brilliant and a shining light, but that has been the way of many men who have risen to eminence later. Perhaps his failure to attain scholastic distinction may be partly explained by a habit described by Aubrey: "He tooke great delight to goe to the bookbinders' shops and lie gaping on mappes." On leaving the University he was taken into the family of Sir William Cavendish, who had married Bess of Hardwicke, a lady concerning whom some interesting particulars may be found in our account of Bolsover Hall, published in the number for August 6th, 1904.

Her third husband, William Cavendish, was the father of a son, William, afterwards second Earl, who was two years younger than Hobbes. The younger William, as Aubrey says, "had a conceit that he should profit more in learning if he had a scholar of his own age to wait on him than if he had the information of a grave doctor," so, therefore, Hobbes became "his lordship's page, and rode a-hunting and hawking with him, and kept his privy purse." Incidentally his lord, who was a "waster," sent him up and down to borrow money, and to get gentlemen to be bound for him, being ashamed to speak for himself. Yet he was good-natured, and it was owing to the protection of the Cavendish family that Hobbes was able to devote so much of his time to the study of philosophy and the writing of books. One of his first publications was that of a Latin poem, giving an account of a short tour in the Peak, made in the company of the second Earl. In this he celebrated with the same pen the beauties of Nature and the landscape gardening of Bess of Hardwicke, whose sham rocks and streams and fountains filled him with boundless admiration.

Hobbes falls between Bacon and Locke in the history of philosophy, and his visits to Paris brought him into communication with the great French thinkers of the same time. With Descartes, it is true, he lived in almost continual quarrel. On his second visit to Paris his friend Mersenne, who possessed the manuscript of the "Meditations" of Descartes, was submitting this before publication to various learned men, who were to offer criticisms. Many of these savants replied in terms that were extremely useful, but Hobbes, differing radically from the author, put his objections so briefly and bluntly as to give rise to a prolonged controversy. Neither thought very much of the other as a philosopher, and they bombarded one another with pamphlets in the manner of the time. It must have been about 1642 that Hobbes began the composition of his most famous work, "The Leviathan," a book that still may be read with interest; indeed, a useful new edition of it was published only a few months ago by the Cambridge University Press, and is well worth reading even by those who do not make a special study of philosophy. Hobbes, as a thinker, was very much in advance of his time, and he wrote this work in a terse, nervous style of English that makes it delightful reading to this day. Though many of his theories and dogmas appear to us crude and impossible now, we have to

reflect that during the interval vast additions have been made to the information on which these conclusions are based. Much that Hobbes had to guess at has been absolutely proved, and much that he felt sure of is known to be of doubtful truth. A reproach continually urged against him was that he was an Atheist, and his books, indeed, were burnt by the public hangman; but he was scrupulous never to admit anything of the kind, and it is a very unfair inference from all that he said. Indeed, like a great many thinkers of his age, he accepted the authority of the Bible as final, and was careful to assert whenever there seemed to be any doubt that his doctrines were in accord with the Holy Scriptures; in fact, he allowed that to trammel the freedom of his thought to a certain extent. Sir Leslie Stephen gives an example of this kind. He says that Hobbes was bound to admit that "spirits existed, for spirits are mentioned in Scripture, and, for whatever reason, he will not contradict Scripture."

But, as a matter of fact, all that Hobbes believed has ceased to be of any great consequence. Those who followed him advanced much further on the way in which he was going. The real service that he performed to mankind lay more in his method than in his achievement. As our author puts it: "Science, we are told, is nothing but organised common-sense," and Hobbes anticipated this dictum. In a certain sense he was a Positivist, and his thinking was conducted wholly on the plane of physics. It is quite true that concerning matter there is much, as Mr. Balfour recently showed, which we have yet to discover, much in which it is still necessary that we should be agnostic; but, on the other hand, there is a wide field of definite information to be harvested, and there is no doubt that the method which Hobbes adopted is that by which science has made most progress. It consists in discarding what is vague and speculative, and working solely on what is positive knowledge. One of his friends, Harvey, discovered the circulation of the blood,

and this was just the sort of achievement that appealed to Hobbes, more particularly as he found in it a confirmation of his pet belief that the basis of life is motion. Rather late in life he had been induced to study Euclid, and the logic of the propositions had struck him so much that this influenced his style of reasoning. Thus he collected the facts with his senses and used them as Euclid does his material. He did not leave behind a very large body of work, although it is a singular fact that he continued to write up to the very last, and, indeed, published his "Decameron Physiologicum" in his ninetieth year. At eighty-five he had taken up a new style of literature, and in 1673 published the "Voyage of Ulysses," a translation into English quatrains of books nine and twelve of the "Odyssey." A year later he published a complete translation of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," a very remarkable feat indeed on the part of a man of more than four-score whose life had been mostly devoted to positive and mathematical reasoning. It, at any rate, showed the possession of an active and adaptable mind. Sir Leslie Stephen quotes the following verse to show that Hobbes could deviate into a really poetical phrase:

"Now Hector met her with their little boy  
That in the nurse's arms was carried,  
And like a star upon her bosom lay,  
His beautiful and shining golden head."

When he died he left behind him a small fortune to a distant relative. He never was married, although his early biographer remarks that "it is not consistent with an harmonical soul to be a woman-hater, neither had he an abhorrence to good wine," but no one has ever insinuated that he was either loose or dissolute in his morals. At all events, we are indebted to the late Sir Leslie Stephen for the most concise, brilliant, and interesting life of Hobbes that has ever been written.

## THE LAND OF THE WHITE ORYX.—II.

By E. N. BUXTON.

THE track from Dueim, on the White Nile, to El Obeid, the administrative centre of Kordofan, is very plainly marked, for it is considerably travelled. It is a broad, sand-covered road, with grass and thorn trees on either hand. In February, caravans bearing loads of gum arabic, the main produce of the country, gathered from some species of these thorn trees, are constantly encountered.

This export brings prosperity to the province and revenue to the Government. The only cultivation necessary is to strip the outer bark from some of the branches, which encourages the flow of gum. This hardens on the surface in semi-transparent drops, as large as, or larger than, a pigeon's egg. The man who strips the bark on a certain area is entitled by custom to regard it as his gathering-ground, and his harvest merely consists in poking off the lumps with a long stick. The wayfarers engaged in transporting the produce were of many tribes, mainly of Arab stock, with an admixture of negro blood. The custom of mutual tribal raiding and the capture of women has led to this. Kordofan suffered hideously from the excesses of the dervishes and the greed of the Khalifa, and scarcely less from the treatment by the Egyptian Governors who preceded him. These privileged buccaneers organised numerous expeditions for the purpose, almost avowed, of securing slaves and enriching themselves. Moreover, slavery has been the lot of all who suffered defeat, whoever were the parties to the quarrel. In fact, this unhappy country had known no peace until its British administrators assumed the government. A handful of young Englishmen, acting under



TIRED CAMELS.

enlightened rules, have in six short years produced tranquillity and confidence, which appears to be almost universal. Thus, even in the remotest parts, we were met by a friendly demeanour and little acts of civility. On our nearing some tukuls, the owners would generally run out, bearing angareeps, or native bedsteads, for us to recline upon. They often brought milk also. There was nothing furtive about their manner, or any trace of suspicion,

either on this part of the route or later when we struck out further west. But perhaps the most striking fact is shown in the present condition of the villages. Lord Cromer showed in his report for 1904 that the population of Kordofan had diminished in the years of "fire and sword" from 8,000,000 to 1,800,000. In the last few years the population has settled and bred like rabbits. Every village swarms with babies. They seem to rise out of the sand at every turn, and all, or nearly all, appear to be under seven years of age. They call them "the children of the Government." That is most practical testimonial to the mildness and success of the administration.

From Id el Ud we traversed a region without wells for sixty miles. Perhaps it may interest the readers of COUNTRY LIFE to hear our order of marching and how we arranged our day. At this time, in the last days of January and February, the weather remained cool. A very early start was therefore not necessary; but I always called the camp myself about 4 a.m. Africans feel the cold of early morning, and are reluctant to stir before the sun appears; but with scarcely a single exception we were on the road in the morning twilight

[Sept. 3rd, 1904.]

This is the cream of the day, and I generally walked for the first hour or two, managing fairly well to keep pace with my daughter's camel. We found by experience that four miles an hour was about as much as we could get out of our riding camels. With better animals and more experienced riders, four and a-half miles to five miles an hour is reckoned a fair average. The loaded camels are much slower, and we soon passed far ahead of them. Personally, I dislike camel-riding extremely, and I suffered severely for the first few days in the muscles of the back, though my companion did not; but some relief and change were afforded by mounting our donkeys, of which we had brought two. I had also brought



"CHILDREN OF THE GOVERNMENT."

penetrated the regions which it inhabits. Hence it was one of the objects of my desire; but I was at first defeated by the extreme wildness of the animal in this part of the route. I quite failed here even to get a shot, and it was not till a later stage that I secured specimens and, what are still more difficult to obtain, photographs of the creature in its wild state.

One of my rather imperfect attempts to obtain a portrait of this very interesting animal in the wild state with the long-range camera is here reproduced. Even at 200yds., which is the closest approach I ever succeeded in making to the *addra*, one must take great precautions to elude its vigilant eye. It will be seen that in this case I took advantage of a large bush, behind which I crept up and erected my stand. To have advanced further would have involved the hasty departure

of my quarry, so that the exposure had to be made through the interlacing branches. The want of definition is partly due to



"THE MOTHER OF THE FAT BACK."

a bicycle, which is very easily ridden on a hard native track; but after a brief experience I returned it to its crate, and thenceforth it had to be carried on a camel instead of carrying me. The sand was almost everywhere too deep for its use.

From her elevated position my daughter could descry game more readily than I could on foot, and we generally had gazelle for dinner. Gazelles were fairly numerous. There appeared to be three sorts—the *dorcas*, *rufifrons*, and another which the Arabs called by a name signifying "the mother of the fat back." This sounds succulent, but as to the identity of the species I am doubtful. I do not think I shot one, but my camel-men said that the wild specimen whose portrait is here reproduced was of this kind. These different species are hard to distinguish as they run, and, even when dead, unless they happen to be old bucks, the differences are only noticeable on close examination. Here, also, we saw the first specimens of the *addra*, or *rhyl*. This is, probably, the whitest of all African



RHYL.

a breeze blowing at the time, which, with a heavy camera, sets up a slight vibration, and constitutes one of the great difficulties of long-distance photography. Thus in any pictures taken at distances exceeding 150yds. the horns disappear. Like the giraffe and gerenuk of Somaliland, the addra is a bush feeder, and like them, though not to the same degree, it is provided with a long neck to reach its food—a very convenient arrangement when it is on the alert to detect pursuers.

About ten or eleven o'clock we generally stopped, to avoid the hottest hours, and sought for shade. At this time of the year the thorn trees are nearly leafless, but here and there were comfortable rest-houses for travellers. These were beehive huts built of doura straw like the native *tukls*; but their floors of sand were kept very clean, and here we stretched our aching limbs. In the meanwhile, the *hamla*, or caravan, would have passed us, and on arriving at camp, which was always pitched on the road itself, to avoid thorns and prickly seeds, we found our tents pitched, and by eight o'clock, or earlier, the camp was still, and we were all asleep.

In thirsty Kordofan one is almost exempt from the great curse of African travel—the bites of mosquitoes, ticks, *et hoc genus omne*. For this one blesses the absence of surface water; but another pest takes their place. This is the *heskinet*, a grass, the seed of which is about the size of a pea, and endowed with spines of exceeding sharpness. These seeds, which are in countless millions, permeate everywhere, but afflict especially the sportsman who crawls through the grass in pursuit of

game. The tiny pests are very light, and appear to be driven before the wind; thus they are found to have mysteriously penetrated into every article of clothing. The sleeping blankets are never without them, and half-a-dozen of these vegetable hedgehogs are calculated literally to make the sleeper sit up. Whether against thorny pests like these, or insect bites, all African travellers should be provided with leather anklets and gauntlets, as it is the wrists and ankles which are most susceptible to attack.

Near El Obeid, and in many parts of Kordofan, there are many of the giant baobab or tebelta trees scattered about the plain. Their stems often exceed 12ft. in diameter, and in outline the tree resembles a huge pollard oak. In districts remote from wells the natives hollow out the stem and fill the cavity with water in the rainy season. Many grazing-grounds are made accessible to the flocks of the nomadic Arabs by this means.

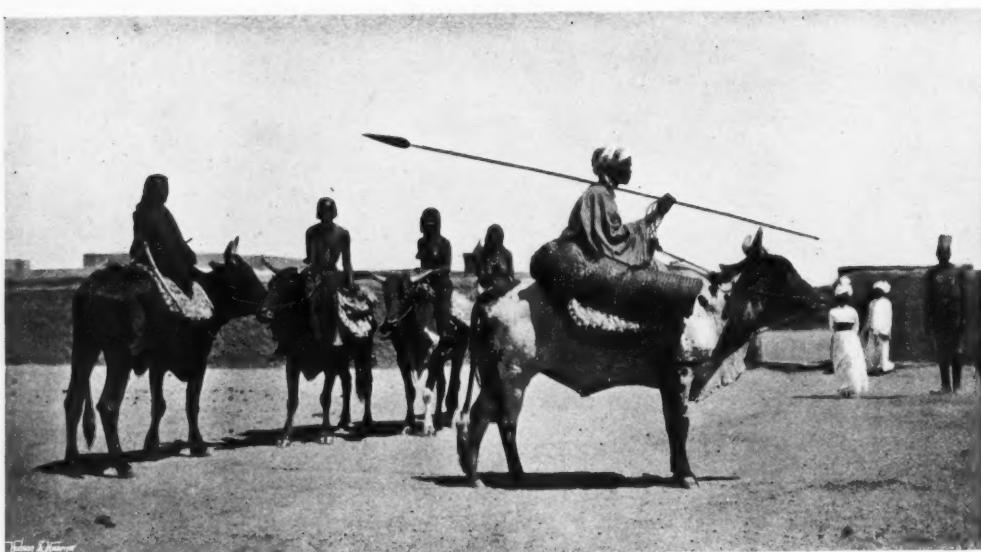
We covered the distance to El Obeid in seven days. That represents steady travelling with loaded camels at an average day's journey of about twenty-two miles. An active man without heavy luggage accomplishes much longer journeys. From a distance the position of the town is marked by the tower of the Mudiriyeh, perhaps the only two-storyed building in Kordofan, and by the British and Egyptian flags which float side by side on its summit. Here the Egyptian garrison made a gallant defence of the town when it was besieged by the Mahdi's forces, and the walls of the tower are still pitted with bullet-holes. It was this siege that the ill-fated Hicks Pasha attempted to relieve. He left



A BAOBAB TREE.



THE MUDIRIYEH, EL OBEID.



BAGARA.



A HERD OF ORYX.



IN THE SOOK.

Duem, on the Nile, with an ill-disciplined and ill-equipped force of 10,000 Egyptian troops. Small blame to him and the other European officers if, after intense sufferings from thirst, the whole force was treacherously led into an ambuscade and massacred almost to a man.

After our seven days' march the hospitable welcome of Major O'Connell, the Mudir, and his staff was pleasant indeed. We were made free of the mess, and the shelter from the sun of a solid roof was exceedingly refreshing. Our camels were now again overhauled and the weaklings replaced, and several other rough places made smooth by our kind friends.

El Obeid is the meeting-place of many tribes who come here from great distances for their simple trading. The sook, or market, is, naturally, a very interesting place. The Bagara, a tribe who come from the south-west, and are in the habit of riding their cattle for long journeys, have a strange air. These heavy animals have remarkable stamina, and are capable of marching long distances. In the wet season they are superior to camels for transport, as the latter cannot traverse wet ground. Latitude 13° N. roughly indicates the limits of the cattle-using tribes. To the north of that camels are the only transport. It was to one of the branches of this tribe that the Mahdi belonged. They were specially favoured by him, and from them he derived many of his most relentless fighting troops.

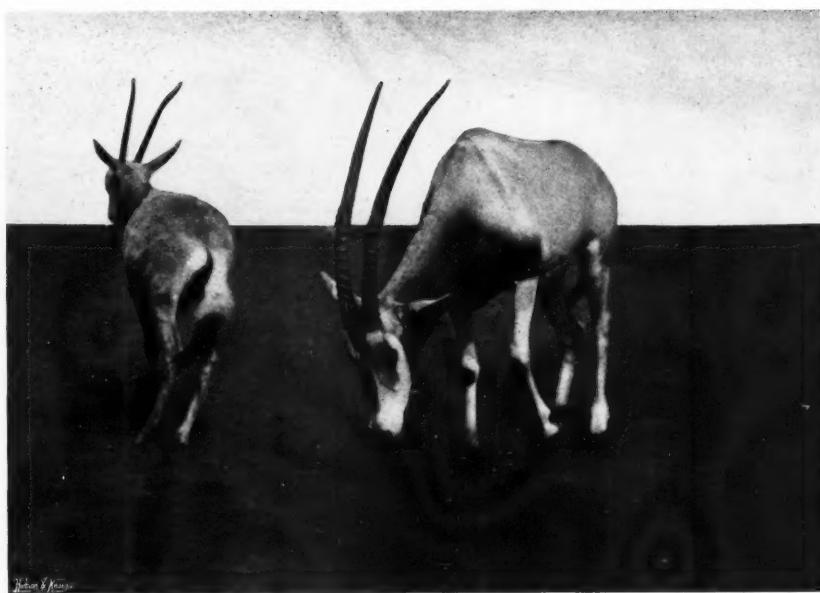
The whole province is admirably organised and governed from El Obeid; but while the directing hand is there, the executive is extremely mobile. Scarcely a day passes but some officer, either civil or military, departs for, or returns from, some distant mission: It may be for the assessment of taxes, or the settlement of disputes, or the arrest of a malefactor, or the prevention of a slave raid. Not many months ago a new Mahdi appeared a hundred miles to the south with many followers; but the arm of the law, though mercifully used, is long. A small expedition was despatched, and such was the promptitude of its action that the pretender was surrounded and secured before he even suspected that it had started. Very little notice of this brilliant piece of scouting on the part of the late Mudir, Colonel Mahon, was taken by the British public at home, though in a few days this new pretender might have become a threatening danger.

The camel corps is the principal scouting force, and is continually on the move, but Egyptian troops are also stationed at El Obeid. The best

safeguard against a recurrence, however, is the growing confidence of the natives in the strict justice of our rule, combined with uncompromising firmness.

We were much interested to see three or four tame leucoryx about the lines, as this was the antelope which we were most anxious to obtain. They are snared while young by the Arabs, in a manner which I will explain and illustrate in the next number, or, to speak more correctly, the nursing mothers are snared while the kids are secured, and quickly become as tame as goats. Indeed, their familiarity, which is nothing but cupboard love, might

be dangerous, as their natural weapons are exceedingly long and sharp. The strong curve of the horns—a segment of a perfect circle—is peculiar to this species, and differentiates these graceful antelopes from all the other kinds of oryx, of which there are four in Africa. An average pair of adult horns are 1yd. long, but the finest are 7in. or 8in. longer than this.



THE WHITE ORYX.

They wandered as they listed, sometimes in the compound, sometimes in the lines, and there was nothing to restrain them from going "back to the wild." This oryx, though so rarely seen in the wild state by Europeans, appears to be widely spread across the northern portion of Africa. Indeed, Mr. Hagenbeck, the wild animal dealer, informed me that of the few brought to Europe hitherto the majority have been imported from the French colony of Senegal on the Atlantic. The sight of these interesting creatures made us impatient to proceed, and, if

possible, find them in their natural haunts to the West. The portrait here given was taken of two of these animals as they came bounding up to be fed. I also append a somewhat imperfect picture of a wild herd, obtained at a later date with a long-range camera, after much labour and many fruitless attempts; but that is perhaps to anticipate.

## LEAVE TO FISH.—II.

**T**HIE law as to fishing in tidal and navigable rivers, in rivers tidal and not navigable, and in rivers navigable but not tidal, was dealt with in a previous article. It was shown that in the first class alone—rivers tidal and navigable—the public have a right to fish. In the other two cases, where the river is either tidal and not navigable, or navigable and not tidal, in spite of an idea that long prevailed as to public rights, it is now finally settled that the public, as such, have no right to fish. The reason for this is that the soil of the river belongs to some individual, and where this is the case, the public have no right to fish on his land, or, what is the same thing, in his water. It is only when land belongs to the Crown, not to the King as his private property, but to the Crown, that the public have rights, and this only occurs in tidal navigable rivers.

This rule was settled about the end of the sixteenth century by a case reported by Lord Coke, called Gateward's case, which decided that while an individual, or defined body of individuals, such as the parishioners of a particular parish, the tenants of a certain manor, the members of a corporation, might be able to take a profit out of another person's land, because they were a defined body to whom a grant could be made, yet no grant could be made to the public, an undefined body, and so they could not acquire any rights to take anything from another man's land. Put in legal language, the case decides that the public have no right to a profit *à prendre* in another man's land. There must be a limit to the body which is so entitled; such a right can only be acquired by a grant from the owner, and in law a grant cannot be made to the public. Both fishing and shooting come within the class of rights which involve taking something from another man's land, so the public cannot gain any right to fish or shoot. The public could acquire a way over a man's land, or a right to land their nets on a man's land, as neither of these involves taking anything from it; but they could not acquire a right to fish or shoot. Most likely if the point had to be settled now for the first time, it would be decided that there was no distinction between allowing the public to acquire a right of way and allowing them to acquire a right to fish. But this could only now be done by Act of Parliament, and there is little chance of Parliament passing any such law under existing circumstances.

It follows from this that in most places in the country the stranger only fishes or shoots on sufferance. In many places, but they are yearly becoming fewer, the owner is either good-natured or careless about his rights, and allows fishing; but he could at any time he liked stop anyone fishing—it is only by his indulgence, not of right, that the fishing

is allowed. This brings us to what is one of the most regrettable features in the history of modern land—the closing of a great deal of water to anglers. It seems a great pity, if a man owns a stream which he himself never fishes, and often never sees, that he refuses to allow a stranger who wants a day's fishing to have what sport he can. But in most cases it will be found anglers have only themselves to thank for this state of things. Many will take dogs; others break down fences; others cut likely ash plants to make walking-sticks or gaff handles; others come with a tribe of children for a day out; others use a language which, from his writings, was unknown to Walton and the anglers of his day. Indeed, in many of the Midland river-side villages the Sheffield scamp and the Birmingham blackguard have become such a nuisance that everything is done to prevent their coming; landowners and occupiers sternly refuse to allow any fishing. They are within their rights, and we cannot blame them; the persons we do blame are those who by abusing the privilege have caused it to be withdrawn. Bad times have also had something to do with it. Landlords have had to do all they can to get money, and when they found that fishing rights would bring in money they have let them to angling clubs and others; and their tenants, acting on the principle that they want their money's worth, have rigorously refused all leave to anyone who will not join the club. In some cases where money has been spent in improving the fishing, by stocking it with trout, or by keeping down the coarse fish, it is not a matter of surprise that this should be so. Nevertheless, it is a matter for regret that for the "man in the street" there is now little or no fishing to be had.

This has given rise to another fallacy that has long been a popular delusion—as you have a right to go over a bridge, you have a right to fish from it. There can be no greater mistake. The right of the public in respect of the bridge is to pass over it; they have not even the right to remain on it, if their remaining there obstructs the traffic; still less have they the right to stay there and fish. The matter was settled some years ago in a shooting case. A man was in the habit of walking along a road between two woods and shooting the pheasants as they came across. He was summoned for a game trespass and convicted; he appealed, and it was decided by the Queen's Bench that he was rightly convicted. The road was the property of the adjoining owners, subject to the right of the public to pass over it; but the right to pass over it was the only right the public had, and did not include the right to shoot. So the only right the public have on the bridge is the right to pass over it, but this does not include the right to stay and fish from it.

It may, therefore, be taken as settled law that the only way

to get a right to fish is to acquire it in some way from the owner of the soil of the river. In some places the owner of an hotel rents the fishing or the land adjoining the river, and allows all who stay at the hotel to fish, or a club which rents the water issues day tickets to strangers, or the owner may be good-natured and give leave; if he does, it should be remembered he can make his own terms and place what restrictions he likes on the fishing; and it often happens that if the restrictions are broken, the owner not only refuses the breaker further leave, but also others as well. It must also be remembered that the rule is the same on the wildest moorland stream, where you may walk all day and see no one, as it is on a river that is most strictly preserved, and where keepers swarm. If anyone fishes without leave, he is just as much a poacher as if he went out at night to net the river. It is true the punishment differs, but in law that is all; both are poachers. It is certainly very sad to think there is nowhere that one has a right to fish if so inclined; but it is so, and anyone who fails to get leave is liable to be treated as a poacher.

There is one other point in fishing law that has never as yet been expressly settled (and from some observations of the Lord Chief Justice Cockburn persons might be led to think the public had some right)—the case of fishing in lakes. It is quite true

that some of the rules that apply to rivers do not apply to lakes; for instance, the rule that the law presumes each owner's land goes to the middle of the river; there is no such rule as to lakes. Each owner has to prove how far his rights extend, for the law regards the lake as a field, and makes no presumption that the boundary of a field lying between two estates runs in any particular place. Each person is left to prove the extent of his rights; they may be to the middle of the lake, or right up to the opposite shore; but their extent has to be proved, subject to this, that if the right to fish is proved, the right to the land is presumed to follow until the contrary is shown. But all this gives the public no right. The two landowners may have disputes, and it is possible if a stranger goes to fish with the wrong man's leave he may be summoned for trespass; but he has, as one of the public, no right. Someone is the owner, not the public. It may or may not be the man who gave him leave, or he may get off by denying the right claimed by the owner, alleging it belongs to someone else, but he cannot get off by claiming a right to fish himself as one of the public. It cannot be too often repeated that the public in fishing matters have no rights, and cannot set up as a defence any *bona fide* claim of right anywhere but in a tidal navigable river. J. W. WILLIS BUND.

## THE CHARM OF THE MARSHLAND.

**T**HE craze for mountaineering is a thing which people who are not climbers cannot understand; still less can those who do not know the marshland comprehend its charm. It has been written about and written about, until the books would fill many shelves; but still it remains undescribed and unexplained.

After hearing much about the beauty and fascination of marshland, one's first visit thither is inevitable shock and disappointment. It is so level and so very grey. If you want to go anywhere from anywhere else, there is such a lot of mud in the way; and you always seem to arrive at the wrong time of the tide. If you want to see the channels filled, your patience is exhausted before it happens; and if you venture far out in disregard of the tide, you have to "plosh" through unexpected

quagmires. So you may find people living within a mile or two of the marshes who have "been there once, but never cared to go again."

On the other hand, you will find people who confess that they "cannot keep off the marshes." They know every foot of them, and can make the shortest cut from any point to any other point at any time of the tide; and except at mealtimes, if you enquire at home for them, the invariable answer will be, "I expect you'll find 'em out on the marshes." The fever of marsh love has crept into their blood.

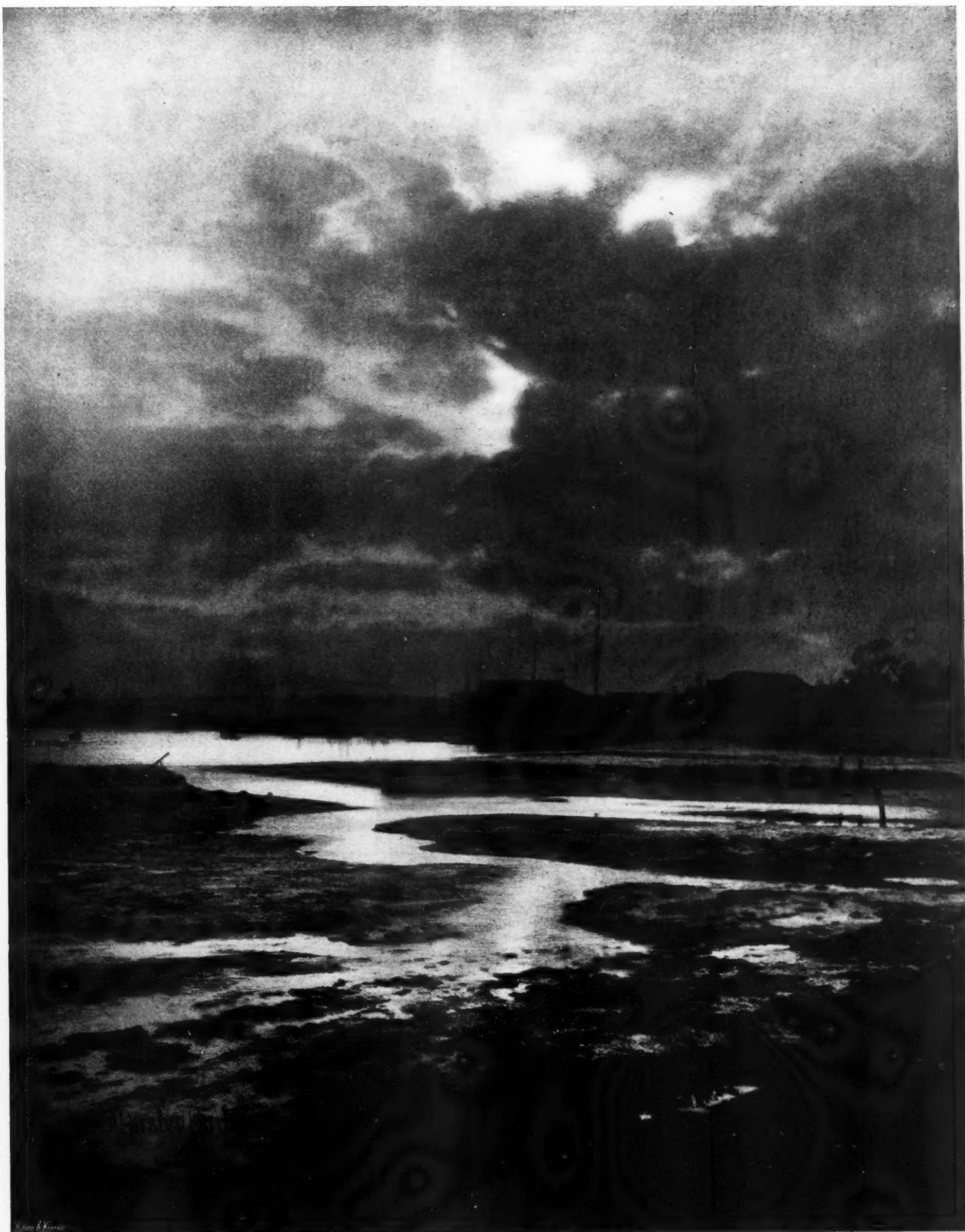
And the germ of the fever is, probably, the same as that which attacks the Alpine climber. When you have scaled a mighty peak, or when you have ventured to the furthest point of your marshland, the result is the same—you are alone in a vast



S. E. Wall.

STRANDED BOATS.

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A. H. Hinton.

*LOW TIDE.*

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solitude, beyond the reach and rivalry of ordinary men. Peak beyond peak in one case, the mountain range, untrodden by human foot, dwindles away to meet the sinking sky; flat beyond flat in the other, the level earth and the even sea slide together into the lonely horizon. In either case, a man stands by himself in the midst of never-changing, ever-changing Nature. He breaks the eternal sky-line alone; and unconscious thoughts too large for words invade his mind to the rhythm of shifting cloud and wandering wind.

And the parallel goes further than this. As the practised eye of the mountaineer, facing some new range of hills, instinctively passes from scar to scar on the steep slopes, mapping out the path of ascent, so the marshman confronted with a new

stretch of marshland, even in a picture, scans at once the possibilities of passage across it. See the Delta of the Big Dyke: the straight, dark ridge in the background marks the main channel with steep slippery banks and unfordable depth of water in the centre. But at the extreme left there is a bridge, and—since bridges are not built to lead nowhere—the eye at once follows possible footpaths, where peninsulas jut out to within leaping distance of each other; and so the mind quickly traverses the picture from left to right and away beyond to wastes where the seafowl gather and the sea-lavender, perhaps, is blooming by the acre.

Perhaps the ceaseless change which tidal waters bring to the face of the landscape is one of the chief charms of marshland.

In sheltered valleys, far from the coast, change comes so slowly that you scarcely notice it. The shepherd tramps afield with his dog and meets the gamekeeper on his rounds. The labourers leave their work for dinner at the same minute every day; the hedges are always of the same height and the stream of the same width as yesterday, and the short cut across the valley has always the same facilities and obstacles. But in marshland



B. C. Wickson. A NETWORK OF TRICKLING SHALLOWS.

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the whole landscape changes between the morning and the afternoon. Where was a wide waste of water, with black dots of buoys to mark the channel and black sails of fishing-boats against the pale horizon, now a thin streak of silver-grey shows all the water that is left, where even the anchors stand high, while the stranded boats list idly upon the ridged sea-mud, waiting for the tide. Here the little shore birds, dunlin and ringed plover,

sanderling and stint, run nimbly along the shrunken margin, where myriads of crabs are hiding in their holes, while the hunting gulls mew and flicker far and near.

The man of cities knows mud only as it flies from whirling Hansom-wheels and splashes his face and collar, or as it compels him to resort to the shoeblack at the corner; but even in London the fancy of a great artist has revelled in the amethyst and opal tints of the mud-banks of the Thames at sunset in Chelsea; and possibly few scenes afford such infinite range of delicate colouring as the estuary of a tidal river when the sun, sinking beyond the harbour mouth, lights up the shining levels that the shrinking sea has left as playground for the gulls and waders. There is no stillness more profound than that of abandoned waterways when the tide is out; and no class of men take their hours of enforced leisure more calmly than those who make their living by the tidal sea. You might think that the sloth of the slack tide had stilled their blood as they lean like limp seaweed upon a wall or sit in a row, like sea-birds, on a bench with folded arms and dreamy eyes fixed on the far horizon.

But they are men of action, these loose-knit shore-mariners, when the hour for action comes; for the sea that was a mere network of trickling shallows which gleamed in the sunset below the massing clouds may be lashing the level coast with a white fringe of breakers as they strain at the straining ropes in the stormy dawn. Then it is that life by the sea justifies itself as an education of manhood. The self-reliance of men and the resignation of women accustomed to glean their living from the coming and going of a force with limitless power and incalculable moods cannot be gained in other ways. And to the mere looker-on, to whom the storms that sweep upon our low marsh coasts present no more urgent problem than how to keep his cap upon his head and himself upon his feet, there is nerve-stringing exhilaration in the stinging wind and rain and spray such as he experiences seldom in other ways.

Best of all, however, are the hours when the tempest has passed to the horizon beyond the breaking clouds, and you can wander down the coast-line, noting where the sea has flung its ridges of foamy jetsam against the very feet of the coastwise hedges, where the few small trees clinging to some miniature headland have ridden through the gale under the bare poles of their stripped branches, and where at every turn you see changes which the storm has brought. Especially now, in early autumn, when bird-life waits upon the winds to effect the annual migration from North to South or East to West, no tempest breaks upon the marshland from the sea without bringing hosts of feathered travellers. Sometimes their corpses are flung upon the beach, sometimes the telegraph wire leading to the coastguard station takes toll of the heedless flocks that sweep low to the welcome land before the driving gale; but as a rule you more happily discover the new arrivals from the unaccustomed notes that rise from the marsh before you or the flicker of strange wings across the landscape. Thus the naturalist reaps from the aftermath of every storm a crop of interest and experience; and for this reason perhaps few dwellers in the marshland are ignorant of the birds that come and go. When the terns depart and the gulls arrive, when the whimbrel pass and the curlew come to stay, when the hoodie crows come streaming in, followed soon by the ducks that are followed with a purpose by the peregrine, the wearied woodcock and the short-eared owl, the rarer waders and the wild geese, perhaps a wild swan or two—all of these mark off the marshman's autumn into periods of new

interest. But one need not be an ornithologist to appreciate the beauty of the marshes; and artists may travel far before they find finer effects than the flat expanse of water-land affords, while few memories will linger more clearly in the mind than those of these wastes of wild life, flecked with foam-margined pools amid the wind-tossed herbage, while the sky breaks into the magnificent panorama of a full, wide sunset after storm.

Sept. 3rd, 1904.]

COUNTRY LIFE.

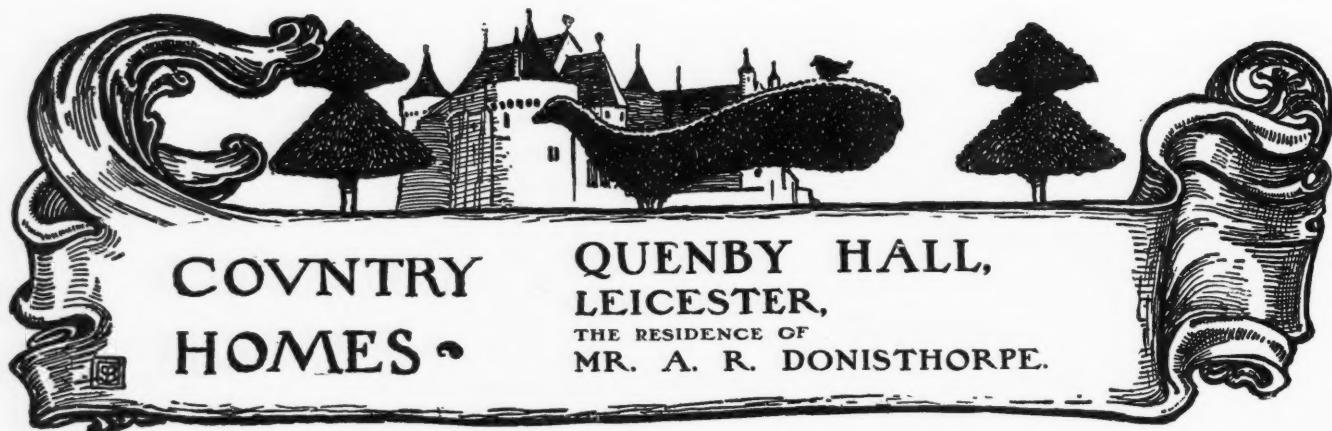
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A. H. Hinton.

ON THE EDGE OF THE MARSH.

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**W**HAT different associations the same words conjure up in different minds, according to their bent and tendency! Mention Quenby Hall to the lettered architect, and he at once sees visions of a stately Tudor pile of buildings, of marvellous and harmonious brickwork faced with stone. Speak of it to the antiquary, and he thinks of one of the oldest English estates that has never for 800 years passed out of the possession (although often out of the occupation) of one family. Pronounce the words in the hearing of a sportsman, and he is at once in the centre of some of the finest fox-preserves in the Midlands, which Alken's drawings of the Leicestershire coverts have immortalised, which the Quorn Hunt has "drawn" for generations past, and will, it is hoped, continue to draw for generations to come: the chorus of the hounds salutes his mental ears, and one of the biggest "fields" of horses and riders passes before his eyes at breakneck pace in the direction of Billesdon Coplow. Quenby Hall, from its lofty, isolated position, and its vast range of prospect over the surrounding country, dominates the neighbourhood of Leicester in a physical sense, as by its solid simplicity of architectural style, its prolonged association with the name of one family as its owner, and

its prominence as a hunting centre, it dominates the imagination of the dwellers in and around Leicester.

Quenby Hall is about seven miles from Leicester, and one and a-quarter miles from the Ingersby Station on the Great Northern line. Its approach is characteristic of the country, being by a bridle road—"long and lean and lank"—running through grass fields for about a mile, some still showing marks of the old "ridge and furrow" system of ploughing and draining, the road interrupted by frequent gates, rendered necessary by the comparative scarcity of hedges, the opening and shutting of which said gates is a terrible trial to those who drive in groomless dog-carts.

The approach to Quenby, as well as to the various other halls and hunting-boxes in the vicinity, at once dissipates the vulgar error that Leicestershire is a flat country. As you enter the park—if so apparently wild and natural a domain deserves the name—you come upon irregularly planted lines of oak trees, with here and there a stray cedar as you near the last iron gate. This is of the smallest and simplest character, usurping the place of the discarded and still magnificent wrecks of the wrought-iron gates (worthy of Jean Trevoux) which now





"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE WESTERN FAÇADE.

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THE EAST SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

stand as a model and pattern outside the Art Museum at Leicester. The present gate is supported by two low piers, on which repose leaden figures of a couchant lion and lioness, reduced by many successive coats of paint to the semblance of common plaster. The Hall itself is set upon a vast walled platform or foundation, four square, except where rounded off at the entrance into the segment of a circle; and the outer rim of this platform forms on three sides a broad terrace-walk, raised a few feet above the surrounding country, from which it is separated by no balustrade or artificial barrier of any kind. The story goes that as much money was spent upon the foundations as would have sufficed for the erection of the entire building.

Now let us attempt to give some idea of the wonderfully picturesque effect Quenby Hall presents to anyone approaching it from Hungerton. A high flight of steps leads up to a simple arched stone doorway, opening direct into the central tower and fine hall, without any kind of intervening porch, or portico. Above it is one coat of arms carved in stone, another higher up, then the clock, dated 1621, and the whole tower is surmounted by the ubiquitous Quenby

lion head raised upon ornamental circular stonework, in which is placed the green bronze bell of the clock. Drain-pipes with carved heads alternate with mullioned windows, many of which have had their light extinguished by the jealous short-sightedness of the window-tax, on each side of the tower, till where the beautiful brickwork in the middle is built out with projecting windows, and then the two large wings or flanks form the top and bottom angles of the E design. In the right wing is the fine carved oak drawing-room, with Jacobean panelling, arabesque cornice, and partitioned ceiling, the details of which are so beautifully brought out in Mr. Latham's photograph.

Some persons of taste may hazard the doubt whether the ivy which spreads almost over the whole front of the building as high as the tops of the first of three rows of windows is a loss or gain, inasmuch as it acts as a beard upon a handsome face, obscuring the lines and expression of the mouth and chin, and interfering with the harmonious colouring of the mellowed brickwork, and may even in time sap its very strength and stability. One characteristic feature of the building we must not omit to note—the



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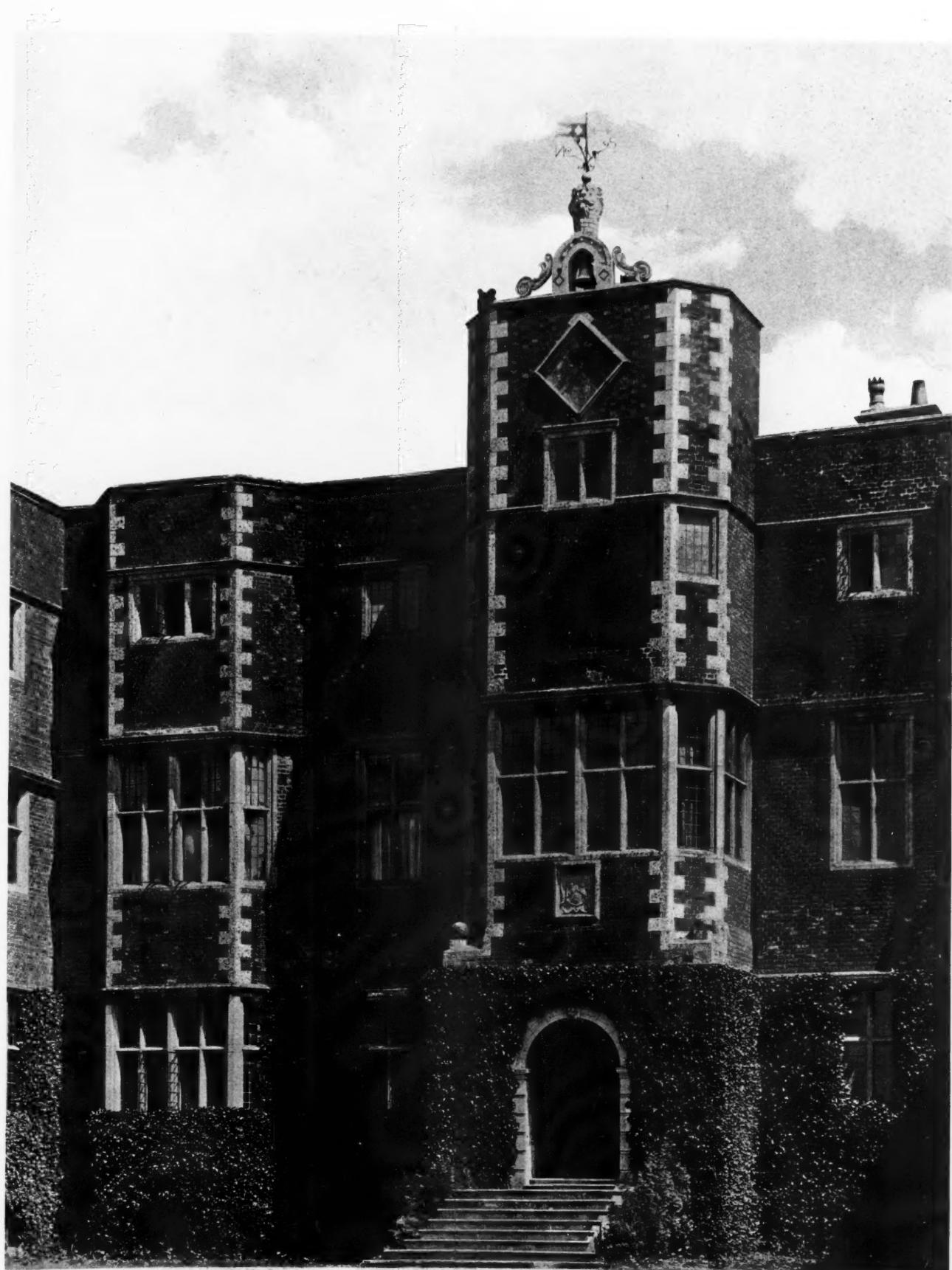
THE LAWN

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Sept. 3rd, 1904.]

COUNTRY LIFE.

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THE OLD CLOCK TOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

invisibility from any point of view of the flat leaden roof, which yet itself, when you mount up to it, affords such splendid views over the surrounding country. These, with its cedars, to be hereafter described, and the superb colour of its bricks, which alone the brush of Time and Weather can fuse into such subdued and subtle harmony of tone, are the chief beauties Quenby can boast.

We have it on the authority of John Nichols, the county historian, that the estate is mentioned in legal records as early as the year 1247. Quenby is not specifically mentioned in Domesday Book, in Nichols's opinion, because it was included under Hungerton, then in the hands of Robert de Todeni. "Two

£12,000. This date, if true, would seem to dispose of the legend that the house is Elizabethan, although certainly its general plan is that of the familiar E E's back to back, and it also conflicts with the date of 1621 on the clock in the central tower, which date is repeated on one of the rain-water pipe heads (obviously a modern renewal, although it may be a copy of an earlier one). As long ago as 1629 it was extant in the handwriting of one of the Ashbys: "It is 300 years since the first rise of the Ashbys. My father hath writeings ever since King John's dayes."

"According to the heraldic authorities, the ancient name of Ashby was 'Ashbowe,'" writes Mrs. Elizabeth

Ashby in 1670, and true or not, this mere statement is now of the respectable antiquity of 234 years, and, therefore, difficult to controvert; and equally so her jeremiad over the scarcity of corn, barley being "five shillings a strike," which shows that the landed interest was subject to depression even in the good old days. The fourth George Ashby represented Leicester in Parliament in 1695 and 1707, and was High Sheriff in 1688; he was styled "honest George Ashby the Planter," and after this we hear with no surprise that he was a friend of John Evelyn, who visited him at Quenby. He it was, so runs the tradition, who planted nine fine cedars of Lebanon (not those still standing), probably from a cone brought over by his uncle, William Ashby, a Turkey merchant. These cedars took a chill when the other trees were removed to open up the view, and, dying off, they were converted into wainscoting for the east end of Hungerton chancel. An eye-witness describes the curious effect of their long dark branches sinking under the weight of a heavy snow-storm, and then suddenly, like the living things they were, releasing themselves with a spring and resuming their upright position, expanding like vast green umbrellas. For all its length of tenure and tenacity, the Ashby family has not produced an unusually large number of famous citizens, and in fact its representatives seem to have done little more in life than remain "nobly seated." One exception, however, in the way of rising, or at least of standing, was Shuckburgh Ashby (who died in 1792), whom Arthur Young, in his "Eastern Tour," describes as having found the house a mere shell, and in a few years brought it into complete order, fitting up the rooms in "a style of great propriety"—they are, I imagine, his initials ("S. A.") which may still be described upon a fine rain-water pipe head with the date of 1729—his furniture rich and some of it magnificent; his collection

of prints an excellent one; and his library superbly filled with books chosen by "honest Tom Payne," who was probably responsible for the choice of the elegant bindings, and no doubt was thus distinguished from the greater but less sanctified Tom Paine of Revolutionary reputation. One of our illustrations shows the fine heraldic chimney-piece carved in marble in the large hall, beside which hang some of the trophies of the chase gained by Miss Donisthorpe, an enthusiastic sportswoman.

It is only to repeat a commoaplace to say that Leicestershire has been known time out of mind for the largest sheep and greatest fleeces. The first Stilton cheese of which there is record is supposed to have been churned by one Elizabeth Scarbrov



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THE CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

ploughlands and a-half at Quenby were held by Walter under William. The Abbot and Convent of St. Mary de Pratis at Leicester possessed in the Lordship of Quenby *decimam garbarum et feui*, and from the gift of W. de Quenby a rent (redditum) or annuity of XII*d.* during his life and that of his son."

In 1304 a messuage was held by Richard de Asheby, and in 1346 William de Ashby was assessed for the twelfth part of a knight's fee (3*s. 4d.*). Before the first year of the reign of Richard III., the manor of Quenby was in grant from the Crown to the Ashbys, who became also at one time possessed by marriage of the manor of Loseby. The present mansion house (now called Quenby Hall) was built in 1636, at a then cost of



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A PORTION OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

(afterwards Orton), a housekeeper in the family of the Ashbys, who married and settled at Little Dalby in 1720. It was first called Quenby cheese, but later Stilton, from an innkeeper of Stilton in Huntingdonshire, upon the Great North Road, buying it in quantities and retailing it to travellers. The public owe it to Lady Beaumont, whose name is in the title of the recipe. It was made in most of the villages around Melton Mowbray, but it was impossible to get the secret from dairy people, probably because no two cheeses are alike. Nichols gives the following, obtained from Major Cheselden of Somerby by the Surveyor to the Board of Agriculture: "Take the night's cream and put it to the morning's new milk, with the rennet; when the curd is come, it is not to be broke, as is done with other cheeses, but take it out with a soi-dish altogether, and place it in a sieve to drain gradually; and, as it drains, keep gradually pressing it, till it becomes firm and dry. Then place it in a wooden hoop, afterwards to be kept dry on boards, and turned frequently with cloth binders round it, which are to be tightened as occasion requires."

I ought, perhaps, to add, as a rider to this, the common report, communicated to me by Mr. Williams, the well-known

Church; five churches at Leicester and part of town; Braunston (Mr. Winstanley); Desborough Church.

On the North-west: Hungerton Church and Windmill; Barkby Church; Burstall Church; Belgrave Church; Steward Hays (Earl of Stamford and Warrington); Bradgate Park and observatory or obelisk; Forest Hills; Syston Church; Wanlip Hall; Sileby Church; Burrow-on-Soar; Loughborough Church; Budden Wood, "the beauty of Leicestershire"; Stamford Hall; Derbyshire Hills (50 miles).

On the North: South Croxton Church; Gaddesby Church; Grimston Town; Old Dalby Wood; Saxalby Town and Windmill.

On the North-east: Thorpe Satchville, Chapel, and Wood; Barrow-on-the-Hill; Somerby; Cold Overton; Waltham Church, near Belvoir Castle.

When we come to speak of the gardens at Quenby, we find they are practically described and summed up in the one beautiful word, Cedars—for these (with a number of leaden figures of animals) are its foremost characteristic. There they stand, as shown in our photograph of the lawn, in their solemn grandeur of greenery, spreading their feathery and fan-like



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THE WINGS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

doctor at Billesdon, that Thorpe Satchville is regarded as a rival claimant for the honour of the first coronation of this monarch of the milk-pail or despot of the dairy.

Now let us come to the Views as enumerated by Throsby, from whom we borrow the following sample of the language of Sensibility, as indulged in by the Eighteenth Century: "As to the distant mountains of the Peak of Derbyshire, terraced with subordinate broad objects, they are pencilled with the sweetest harmonious touches by the distant atmosphere."

On the East we have Cold Newton; Loseby Church; Halstead Town; Knavston Town; Burleigh in Rutland (George Henry Finch, M.P.); Naseby in Northamptonshire; parts of Warwick; Nottingham and Derbyshire.

On the South-east: Quenby Coplow, now the far-famed Billesdon Coplow.

On the South: Two large hills (Great and Green Hill); Gaulby Church; Houghton Church and part of town.

On the South-west: Houghton Windmill; Ingersby House and grounds (Countess of Warwick); Thurnby Church; Narborough Church, Enderby; Croft Hill.

On the West: Keame Town; Scrattoft Wood; Humberton

foliage over the heads of generation after generation, and shooting forth branch after branch from the parent trunk, so as to form a cluster or group of trees rather than a single specimen. One of the finest, perhaps, is in the centre of the old-fashioned wall garden away from the house. If we may trust the tradition that none of the cedars originally planted survives, it is perfectly clear from those still existing that cedars grow far more quickly in stature and circumference than the popular superstition gives them credit for.

Of late years the history of Quenby (apart from its hanting associations, which we hope to make the subject of a special article) has been rather connected with the lives of its tenants than its owners. One of these was the late Marquess of Waterford, who, finding that he was threatened with paralysis, got his doctor to patch him up till he had carried out his promise to entertain the Prince of Wales (the present King) in Ireland, and then shot himself rather than await a lingering death. The present occupant, Mr. Alfred Russell Donisthorpe, who had previously resided for many years at Coleorton Hall, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, the home of the Beaumonts (near which his son and partner, Mr. F. R. Donisthorpe, an unerring shot, still reside,

at Norris Hill), is well known as one of the largest mill-owners in Leicester, and a sense of fitness springs from the fact that a man of such stubborn strength of character should come to occupy so thoroughly typical and lasting a specimen of solid English brick and masonry as Quenby Hall, where his family so fully maintains the traditions of English sport.

## IN THE GARDEN.

THOUGHTS OF AUTUMN WORK.—PLANTS FOR COVERING BEDS OF BULBS.

THE season is rapidly approaching when the planting of bulbs must be considered, and we hope to give shortly selections from the various groups which may be regarded as the most worthy for the English garden. It is well first to think of the bare surface

winter and the way to remedy it. Not until March comes is there a sign of greenness in the flower-bed, but before then, by the right use of plants, there may be flowers in abundance, covering the soil with a bright bloom, which seems to appeal more irresistibly when winter is departing than in summer or in autumn, when the gaiety of the garden is familiar. Among the most famous gardens for what is called spring bedding are those of Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland. Here may be seen early in the year beautiful associations of plants, and to ensure the right effect the bulbs must be in proper harmony with the colouring of the dwarfer things used for the surface. The manager of the gardens there has inherited the taste of his predecessor, who accomplished much for spring gardening in England, and helped by his enthusiasm and sense of colour to popularise this form of bedding, which ushers in the spring of the year. Here are a few hints that may be useful to planters of spring gardens: The golden yellow Tulip, Chrysolora, in a bed of blue Aubrieta, the double white Arabis and the red Tulip Coeur Cardinal, white Hyacinths and Forget-me-nots, white Arabis again, but this time with pink and red Hyacinths, and the same beautiful flower

with the blue Scilla sibirica, yellow Polyanthus and Tulip Duchesse de Parme or Hyacinth La Perouse, the winter Heath (*Erica carnea*) and Narcissus Golden Spur, double pink Daisy and N. Duchess of Westminster, double red Daisy and N. Empress, blue Aubrieta and N. Grandee, N. poeticus, the Pheasant's-eye, and Aubrieta Leichtlini, and such green carpeting plants as the mossy Saxifragas, S. hypnoides, S. Camposii, and Phlox amena. The plan is to put in the carpeting plants first, and then plant the bulbs when the weather is dry at a distance of 15in. or 18in. apart. The planter at Belvoir uses a blunt dibber, 18in. in diameter, with a hole bored through it 6in. from the bottom to admit of a cross peg, thus ensuring the bulbs being placed at the proper depth.

### A BED OF SCENTED PLANTS.

We were looking through an old gardening periodical the other day, and came across the following excellent suggestion for a bed of scented plants. The arrangement was for two large beds. There were occasional clumps of three plants of Eucalyptus citriodora, the leaves of which when

touched give off a perfume one knows so well, surrounded by a band of Heliotrope, the more central portion of the beds being filled in with such fragrant-leaved Pelargoniums as Lady Plymouth, quercifolium, filicifolium, tomentosum, and Lady Scarborough, with an edging of the dwarf varieties. The Heliotropes should be struck from cuttings in autumn, grown on in 5in. pots, and lightly staked to keep them well above the heads of the Pelargoniums.

### GROWING LAVENDER.

A correspondent ("Marlow") writes: "I should like to ask the secret of Lavender cultivation. I have a garden about a mile from the river in the Thames Valley, and everything seems to flourish in it but Lavender. We have tried in all parts of the garden to grow it, but without success. I should be most grateful for any hints on the subject." We hope those who have succeeded well with Lavender in the Thames Valley will help our correspondent, but we confess to never having experienced any difficulty in growing not only Lavender as a bush, but as a hedge. Probably the soil of

"Marlow's" garden is cold and wet, and if it is quite in the valley, this is likely. Lavender is for all kinds of places in a garden, provided they are dry and sunny, for it associates happily with flowering plants and small shrubs, and does well in freely planted masses on rough banks; it also submits to discipline in ordered ranks as a small hedge, or even to the shears in the most formal of gardens. A friend asked the writer some time ago why Lavender died suddenly, and though this is not so common in the case of the Lavender, it is frequent with Rosemary and several of the Cistus family. We have to remember that these are plants of the extreme South of Europe and the Mediterranean region generally, rejoicing in a stony soil and fierce sun-heat. It is a wonder that they will accommodate themselves so kindly as they generally do to the varying conditions of English gardens. This dying off now and then seems like an occasional protest on their part, as if to remind us that, though they have been with us so long, we have come to look upon them as Southerners at heart, and cannot be absolutely acclimatised. There are two forms of Lavender, the ordinary form and the dwarf, but we confess a greater love for the old-world shrub that flourished in the gardens of our forbears.

### A BOLD GROUPING OF HARDY FLOWERS.

The accompanying illustration needs no description. It shows the beauty of hardy flowers grouped by the side of a stone path, and in so graceful a way that no hard lines or formal planting mar the pleasant summer picture. It is this simple grouping that gives the garden its sweetest charm. We love the little cottage patch for its massing of Pink and Hollyhock, and the reason is that all is so simple and agreeable.

### RANDOM NOTES.

*The Herbaceous Lobelia.*—In August or early September this flower attains its ripest beauty, and it fortunately thrives as well in the border as by the fringe of pond or stream. It enjoys moisture, if it is not exactly in the water, and so rich and varied is the colouring of the flowers that beautiful groups are possible with a good selection. We were looking at a massing of it lately by a pond of Water-lilies, and when the flowers of the two greatly differing groups were open, there was little to choose between them for dashing



GROUPING OF HARDY FLOWERS BY A STONE PATH.

[Sept. 3rd, 1904.]



J. M. Whitehead.

ALL NATURE SLEEPS.

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colours. In some gardens the Lobelia is attacked by a fungus which kills the roots during winter; and under such circumstances the wise plan is to lift them, plant in a cold frame, and put them out again in the following spring. There is a change also in the leaf colouring. Sometimes it is almost black, so intense is the shade of purple, and occasionally a plain fresh green; but of the two the former is the most effective, as it usually is associated with flowers of intense scarlet colouring. Firefly is, as its name might suggest, a brilliant variety, with dark leaves and flowers of a bright scarlet, but the one we prefer is called Queen Victoria, in which the crimson flowers and leaves have a boldness that the other hybrids, as far as we are aware, do not possess. Many years ago, in a public garden facing the sea, we saw a bed of over 100 plants of this variety in full flower, and the effect was remarkable. It is unusual to find such plants as this grouped in so lavish a way in a public garden, and we wish the same could be found in other places.

*The Promise of Roses for the Autumn.*—The welcome rains of late have befriended the Roscs, and, given fair weather, September should be the month of months in the garden. We enjoy the cool colouring of the flowers—the soft yellows of the Golden Rods, the subdued shades of Starwort, and the blaze of yellow, gold, and red that comes from the Torch Lilies or Kniphofias: "Red-hot Poker Plants" children call them, and the name is suggestive. Hiding in the grass may be the autumn Crocus or the more showy Crocus speciosus, that stud in purple and orange, a flower of brilliant beauty when a September sun opens out the petals to show the pool of colour inside. But it is to the Rose garden we go when September is with us; the Tea and Hybrid Tea and the China Roses are heavy with open flowers and strong, healthy buds, and the flowers wet with dew in the early morn seem to have a richer colouring in autumn than in the early days of summer, when hot suns and dry air bleach the colours and the subtle shades are not seen. At present the plants are very strong, and there is an absence of insect pests as far as the garden of the writer is concerned. The wealth of buds promises a great display in a short time, Marie van Houtte, Maman Cochet and the white sport from it, Edith Gifford, and those beautiful Chinas Mme. Laurette Messimy and Eugene Resal, out of a large collection, having a little forest of

buds. This reminds one that the National Rose Society holds its first autumn Rose show in the New Royal Horticultural Hall in Vincent Square, Westminster, on September 20th, and we predict a great success. We only wonder why such a show was not instituted before.

*Roses Mme. Pierre Cochet and Maman Cochet.*—A correspondent writes about these Roses as follows: "It is not fair to the former to place it among the climbing varieties, for with me it flowers quite freely as a dwarf bush, and, that being so, I think it should be more frequently planted in beds. The colour of the flowers is a rich golden yellow, the buds being long and in small clusters. Perhaps there is no deep yellow bud which gives more pleasure than this variety, and yellow Roses are not abundant. The growth would be somewhat unruly; but, as in the case of the beautiful golden-coloured Billiard et Barré, the shoots may be either pegged down or removed. As a standard Mme. Pierre Cochet is a great success." The following concerns the well-known Rose Maman Cochet on a wall: "The vigour of this Rose is often embarrassing when it is bedded out, but this is not the case when it is planted on a south wall. Here we may find it attaining a height of 6ft. very quickly, and the warmth from the wall enables the plant to produce more perfect flowers than when it is grown as a bush. Walls sometimes seem to be covered with a lot of useless plants. They should be used for the many beautiful Tea Roses usually called 'dwarf,' but which are really vigorous enough to cover a space of 10ft. in height and as much across in the course of time. How fine the huge flowers of Maman Cochet appear when looked up to upon a wall, and both the pink and white forms are equally serviceable."

## THE WAKING OF THE BIRDS.

**O**F all the twenty-four hours of a day, there is perhaps none so lonesome and still as that immediately preceding sunrise on a midsummer's morn; and as you walk abroad you cannot fail to be considerably impressed—nay, even awed—by the deathlike stillness which hangs over all Nature. Let the reader picture to himself a lonesome glen, away up amongst the Highlands of Scotland, through which runs a small stream rising amongst the hills beyond, and giving life to the clumps of sweet-scented birch and pine which fringe its banks. Away in the background are giant hills, on which lies the morning's mist. Not a breath of wind stirs the foliage of the trees—all Nature sleeps.

It was on such a morning, then, as this that I went forth on June 21st to make some notes as to the time the birds commenced their morning songs of praise. As I go on my way at 1.30 a.m. not a sound is audible, save an occasional whistle from the sand-pipers and oyster-catchers down by the river far beneath, and the air is fragrant with the aroma of birches. But, see! the dawn comes on apace, and suddenly the deathly stillness of the night is broken by the clear, flute-like notes of a thrush, perched high up on one of the birches, which dispels the shadows of the night at seven minutes past two. A minute later a blackbird pours forth his flood of song, which mingles pleasingly with that of the thrush. These two rivals hold undisputed sway till 2.22, when a tiny willow-warbler utters his sweet, plaintive song, which, however, sounds very insignificant beside that of his sable rival. A minute later a yellow-hammer joins in the concert with his "Little bit o' bread and no cheese," and his notes awake the little brown wren, who seems unable to contain himself for joy, as he pours forth his loud, ringing song. Now a common gull wings softly past in search of breakfast, and the last of all the feathered choir to commence are the chaffinch and greenfinch. By the time the greenfinch has awakened, the sun has risen, a ball of fire, in the north-east, and I retrace my steps homewards.

Although obtaining reliable notes on this morning, still, I thought it would be more complete were I to note the times of the same birds a fortnight hence, when the days are, roughly speaking, five minutes shorter each way. The morning I choose

is July 6th, and 2 a.m. finds me outside and awaiting developments. The morning is a far more suitable one than was June 21st; it is, in fact, ideal for hearing the birds sing their very best. Although not a breath stirs the delicate leaves of the birches, yet a glance upwards shows me that a strong wind prevails at a little height from the earth, as soft cumulus clouds are hurrying up from the west. At 2 a.m. complete silence reigns, but the midges begin to make themselves unpleasantly felt. Every blade of grass has its little sparkling dewdrop and the air feels damp and warm. This morning it is again the thrush that dispels the gloom of the night, for he breaks forth in passionate song at 2.10 a.m., three minutes later than a fortnight ago. I listen eagerly for the blackbird's mellow note, as he usually commences about a minute after the thrush, but it is not until 2.25 a.m. that he pours forth his song. I notice with a feeling of regret that his notes have lost a great deal of their power and sweetness, and sometimes he has a difficulty in uttering them at all; but I remember that it is July, and that by the end of the month there will be stillness throughout birdland. The birds do not now seem to have the same overflowing spirits as they had on June 21st, and seem less inclined to sing so early as on that date. The wren, which sings most of the year, commences his song at 2.53 a.m. At 3.10 a rook flies overhead, on a sharp outlook for any dainty morsel for his breakfast. The willow-warbler seems loth to wake, as he does not commence to sing till 3.24 a.m., or over an hour later than on the longest day. The robin whistles his sad little song at 3.28, and at 3.32 I hear the tree-pipit's notes down by the river.

About 3.30 a.m. the sun appears above the horizon, and throws out each tree in bold relief on a hill about eight miles distant, behind which it is rising. But although shining brightly on the hills above, I do not see it for several minutes. At 3.33 a swift is seen soaring at a great height, and now I hear the yellow-hammer's song, also much later than on June 21st. At 3.44 a redpole flies twittering past, and three minutes later a black-headed gull wings its way to its nesting site. At 3.54 a heron flies past far overhead. He is returning from a night's fishing away up amongst the mountains, and is bringing back his catch for his hungry family. The greenfinch again shows he is not an early riser, as he does not commence to sing till 4.10. The last of all to awaken is a hedge-sparrow, who rouses himself from his slumbers at 4.19 a.m. During all this time the thrush has been in almost constant song, and he keeps it up till nearly 8 a.m., but the blackbird is silent, as if he is now feeling singing to be an effort, and in another fortnight there will be almost complete silence throughout field and meadow.

It always seems to me to be rather a pity that so few people are abroad on a mid-summer's morn in time to hear the waking of the birds, as the early morning hours have a peace and stillness all of their own; and yet how few trouble to rise in time to taste of their joys. SETON P. GORDON.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### THE BRAMBLE'S GUESTS.

THOUGH "bramble" has almost become a synonym for anything troublesome and obstructive in the way of wild vegetation, yet the plant probably ministers to the needs of more living things than any other that grows on British soil. Look at any hedge to-day where the ripe blackberries cluster, and you will find a fairly complete collection of day-flying insects, all as busy as aldermen at a Lord Mayor's banquet. There are bluebottles and greenbottles, and large glossy black flies with chestnut shoulder-knots, besides hosts of unidentified two-winged things that one is content to classify simply as "flies." There are hover-flies of various fancy stripes in black, yellow, and white, all pretending to be wasps for their own protection, but all remarkably nimble in darting off the moment that the shadow of a real wasp breaks their skyline. This appears to be the use of the huge compound eyes which bulge out on each side of an insect's head. As actual organs of vision they do not amount to much; but, being composed of an immense number of lenses placed side by side, they accurately and instantaneously inform their owners of the movement of any body which interferes with the distribution of light in their vicinity, and also the direction in which the disturbance is moving, by the message passing from lens to lens,



J. M. Whitehead.

DEEP IN THE WOODS.

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Thus is naturally explained the otherwise unintelligible phenomenon that insects which, in their ordinary conduct, seem unable to discern the nature of any object which they approach, are nevertheless so extraordinarily alive to the approach of any object to themselves that the human eye cannot detect any interval of time which separates the blundering arrival of a wasp upon a blackberry and the departure from it of all the insects previously feasting on the juices of the fruit.

#### THE WASP'S BAD SIGHT.

Nor can the wasp see his intended victims any better than they can see him, for his tactics are simply to pounce upon every small dark-looking object, in the hope that it will turn out to be a fly; and a spot of ink on a sunlit floor is a mark which no wasp that passes can resist having a shot at. But when he visits the ripe blackberry the wasp has no murderous intentions. Thither he comes, like the most innocent little fly in the crowd, merely to eat his fill of the sweets of the season; and presently the other flies will come wandering back to the same fruit, and boldly begin to suck at the same pulp on which those formidable jaws are at work, as though they recognised the harmlessness of the wasp's present intentions, but really because they cannot recognise even a wasp by sight, and only dread things which move quickly. It is for this reason that you can advance the edge of a knife-blade, which makes little disturbance of the light, slowly towards either a wasp or a fly, and finally cut it in half, without having alarmed it, whereas, if you suddenly raised your hand two feet away, either would dart into the air.

#### BUTTERFLY v. HORNET.

The wasp is not the most formidable of the blackberries' visitors, for sometimes even the great tawny hornet scrambles over the ripe fruit. Yet so communistic are the insect-folk when for any reason they have laid aside their ordinary relations of eaters and eaten, that you may see a splendid Red Admiral butterfly sucking with quivering hair-like tongue at the same broken berry as perhaps a couple of hornets, and then because they incommoded him with their bulk, dealing a flip right and left with his beautiful broad wings, and knocking them both aside. They will make hostile demonstrations in return, after the custom of their kind to take no insult without resentment; but, being probably unaware that it was not a flapping leaf or twig that struck them, they soon quietly resume their interrupted meal, leaving the butterfly in possession.

#### UNPLEASANT VISITORS.

Besides all these, there are other insects which are fond of blackberries, as all of us who eat the fruit are unpleasantly informed at times, by the sickening castor-oil-like flavour which certain creatures that even science classifies as "bugs" have left behind. These are those flat triangular insects, usually greenish brown in hue, with short cross-over wings neatly folded on their backs, which walk in gingly fashion over the berries, sucking them flabby with their long beaks, and leaving their own sickening odour behind. Almost worse than these, but fortunately much rarer, are the shiny black millipedes which sometimes coil themselves upon a fruit, mimicking its glossy sections so well with the loops of their long bodies, that children, who pop things hurriedly into their mouths, may first discover the presence of one by feeling something an inch long with many scores of legs scrambling on their tongues.

#### RIVALS IN ATTRACTION.

To the insect world, indeed, the bramble offers a continuous feast from the beginning of summer to the end of autumn; for the butterflies and bees and flies of June crowded to the blossoms as eagerly as the autumn insects will flock to the fruits all through September and afterwards, until the frosts

nip the latest berries and put an end to insect-life for the year. Only the swallow in spring and the ivy in late autumn can be compared to the bramble blossom in attraction alike for the insects of the day and the furred moths which assemble, with earwigs and gnats, to enjoy their sweets at night; and both of these cease to be attractive so soon as their blossoms are spent. The ivy's dull black berries come, indeed, as a blessing to many kinds of birds, hard-pressed for food in a bad February; but only the bramble feeds the insects from its flowers, and both birds and insects with its fruit. If the honeysuckle grew in greater profusion, it might claim to do the same; but the insects which can reach the nectar in its long tubes are only the hawk-moths and one or two others which have a hovering flight and very long tongues, although the bumble-bee will sometimes burst his way down the splitting tube to get the sweets within. With these exceptions there seem to be no wild plants which can be compared with the bramble in general attractiveness.

#### THE GENESIS OF A BRAMBLE PATCH.

Nor, perhaps, is there any plant which gains so much thereby. Thanks to the birds there is scarcely a hedge or thicket in which brambles are not well established; and if the plant did not offend us so with its aggressive, thorny habits, the method by which it makes the most of its opportunities would seem beautiful. When dropped by the birds the seed, of course, usually falls to the ground beneath the bush in which the bird has rested; and here for a couple of years the baby bramble grows like any little tufted weed. Then it throws up one longer shoot, with curved thorns to hang on to the bush with, and each year the shoots which it sends up lengthen by feet, until its first object is gained, and their ends hang down outside the shelter in which it was born. On these outside shoots in the next summer it will bear flowers and fruit, to be scattered by the birds, and at the same time it will be sending up shoots longer still—so long, in fact, that when they hang down outside they will touch the ground. Thus the second object of the bramble's life is attained, for the ends of the long rods take root where they touch the ground, and very soon become vigorous plants on their own account, sending out shoots in turn, and so looping the ground with thorny arches, rooted at each end, that everyone who tries to run through a "bramble patch" will have reason to remember the attempt.

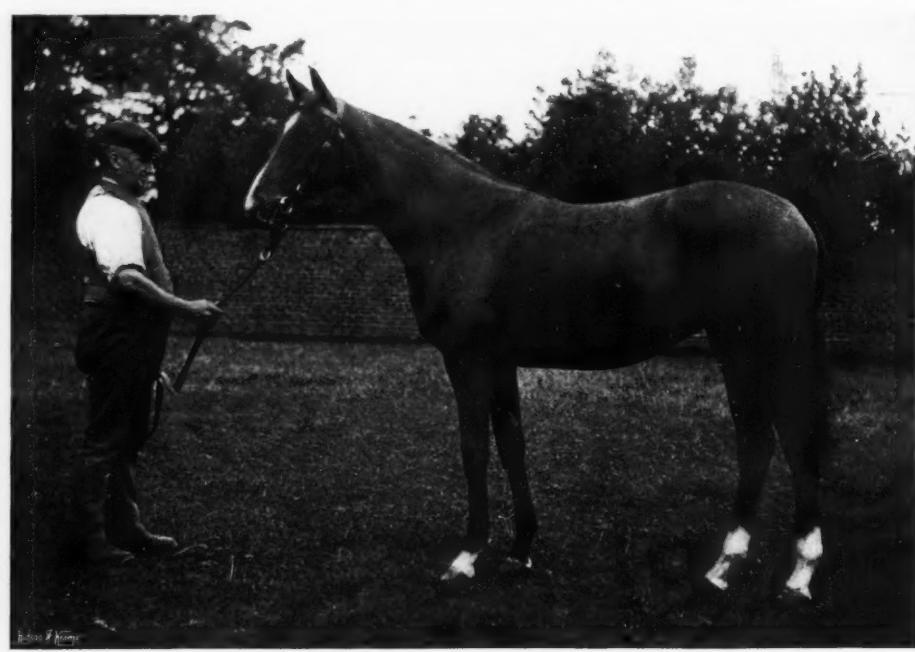
#### AND ITS EXODUS.

By these tactics it might be expected that the bramble would gradually convert the whole land into a bramble patch, except where man intervened; but other plants can use their opportunities, too, and they enlist the aid of birds or the wind to carry their seeds into the middle of the brambles. Here, as a humble seedling, even the forest tree will take root, and year by year will shoot up higher and higher beyond the bramble's reach. Then it will throw out wide branches on every side, and, by degrees, the bramble patch, deprived of sunlight, will dwindle and decay, existing only in a feeble strand or two in the shade, and lucky if it manages to loop the ground fast enough to keep always on the outer edge of the spreading forest's shade. For the single forest tree will in time become the patriarch of a mighty wood; and thus it happens that, in lands with sufficient moisture, the soil has always become covered with what explorers call "primeval forest." However clever may be the devices by which smaller plants disseminate their seed, they cannot compete against the towering bulk of the forest tree. It is in the clearings and on the outskirts of the woodland that we see the fight going on upon more equal terms; and it is there, too, that we find abundance of wild life, because the combatants, to gain advantage in the struggle, are obliged to bid against each other with attractions for the birds and insects, in order to secure their aid.

E. K. R.

## THE SLEDMORE YEARLINGS.

**T**HERE is a glamour in the air of the "North Countree," which invades even the sanctity of the cathedral city of York itself. Recollections of a race of hardy old sportsmen and the magic names of Caller Ou, Blink Bonny, Underhand, Voltigeur, the Flying Dutchman, Blair Athol, and hosts of others come crowding into one's memory; legends of their prowess, and of the brave old wagers and the loyal partanship of their owners and followers, are recalled; and it is with something like a sigh that we reluctantly admit that although there are still good horses in plenty in the land, these



W. A. Roux.

FILLY BY GALLINULE-TIERCE.

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men of the past are gone, and none have sprung up to fill their places. The train stops at Malton, cannie Malton, such a sporting centre, and it is good to know that there is still an L'Anson at the famous Blink Bonny Stud; but there is no time to stop there now, and on we go through typical Yorkshire scenery till we find ourselves at Sledmere. There is a ring about the very name. What would Yorkshire be without the memories of old Sir Tatton Sykes and Sledmere? Did they breed thorough-breds at Sledmere in those days? Why, there used to be brood mares almost in hundreds there at one time. So long as a Sykes has been at

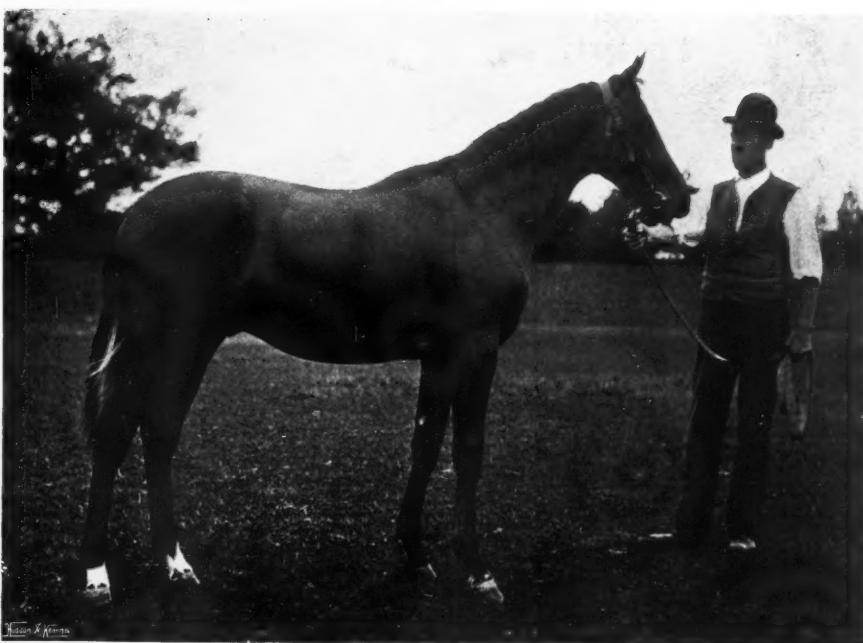
Sledmere, so long have thorough-bred horses formed part of the history of the house, and the collection of thorough-bred mares now owned by the present Sir Tatton Sykes is almost unrivalled in this country. There will be time, I hope, to have a look round them before I leave, but just now the yearlings are walking round the park in front of the house, and the opportunity of seeing them is too good to be neglected. What a picture it is!—on the right a giant silver fir, 160ft. in height, clumps of well-grown and well-cared-for trees, the beautiful undulating sweep of the park itself, and the string of high-bred youngsters marching round on the springy turf. The leader of the string is a bay colt by Isinglass out of Miyano Shita; he has plenty of bone, and good feet and legs, with good broad knees and well-placed hocks, strong back and loins, good shoulders, is nicely let down, is a good walker, and moves with plenty of freedom; by the way, his breeding is rather interesting, for it will be noted that his dam, Miyano Shita, is by Galliard out of Duenna. Next to him comes another bay colt, by St. Simon out of Ornis, by Bend Or out of Shotover. This youngster promises to become a distinguished member of the No. 13 family, to which he belongs; he stands on short legs, is a really good topped one, with plenty of rein, good width of bone below the hocks, has plenty of liberty, and shows great class; there is a look of energy and character about this colt which gives one the impression that he will not be one of the faint-hearted sort. The man leading that great striding son of Florizel II. out of the beautiful Rosicrucian mare, Bonnie Morn, has need to be a good walker. What a stride the colt has got, and how he uses his shoulders; and look at his hind legs! how he gets them under him; great powerful quarters, wide stiles, clean flat hocks, well ribbed up, with good girth and heart room. Surely this is a race-horse, and one with a good constitution as well, for he has never been sick or sorry, and is never off his feed. Now comes a nice hard bay son of St. Simon and Cymbeline, herself a well-bred mare, by Camballo out of Narcisse. A white blaze and snip, with a white heel on the near side, are the characteristic markings of her son, who otherwise takes not a little after his famous sire, and shows plenty of character and class; he is a well-balanced colt, with a very short back and strong galloping quarters. Very bloodlike is the big upstanding bay colt by Royal Hampton out of Altesse, by Amphion out of Marchioness, and it will be remembered, of course, that his dam was a mare of exceptional speed and racing capacity, which she proved by winning the July Handicap, the Molyneux Stakes, and the Stewards' Cup in 1898. Royal Hampton won many races himself, amongst them the City and Suburban, and belongs to the very successful No. 11 family; so that this colt is certainly bred to race, and from a purely breeding point of view I think the mating of his dam with Royal Hampton is a very judicious one. The colt himself has plenty of length and scope, good shoulders, clean legs, and a nice line on top; and it will be noticed that the humerus bone is set on at the angle in which it is usually to be found in animals who show great speed. Quite different in type to that son of Royal Hampton is the bay colt following on behind him, who is by Carbine out of Maid of the Mint. There is a white blaze on his honest-looking head, and he seems to have all that kindly disposition which Carbine hands down to his stock; what beautifully placed shoulders he has got, and how well he uses them, too! He is bigger, I think, than are most of the Carbines, and has plenty of length and reach, and shows a good deal of quality. Altogether, there is a



W. A. Rouch.

COLT BY ST. SIMON—ORNIS.

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COLT BY ST. SIMON—CYMBELINE.

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COLT BY FLORIZEL II.—BONNIE MORN.

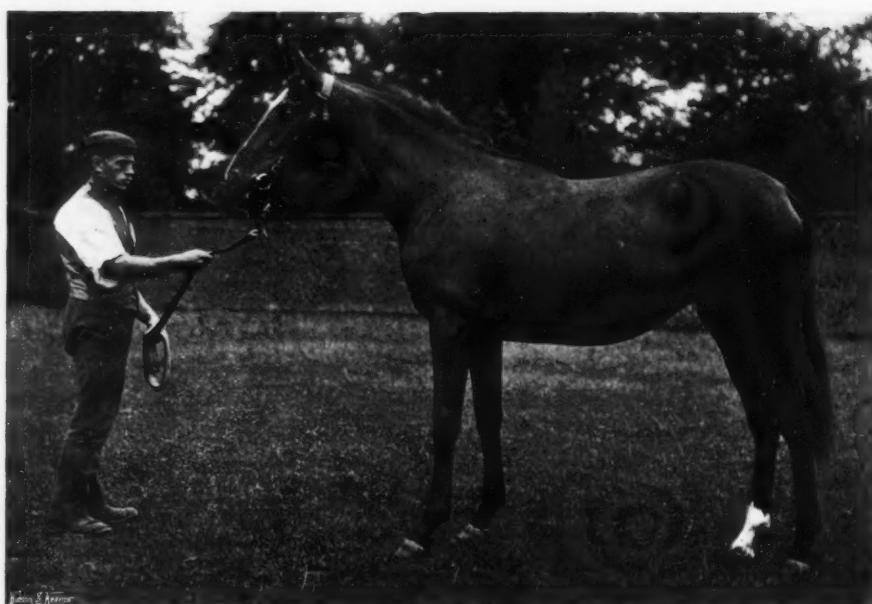
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FILLY BY PERSIMMON—WEDLOCK.

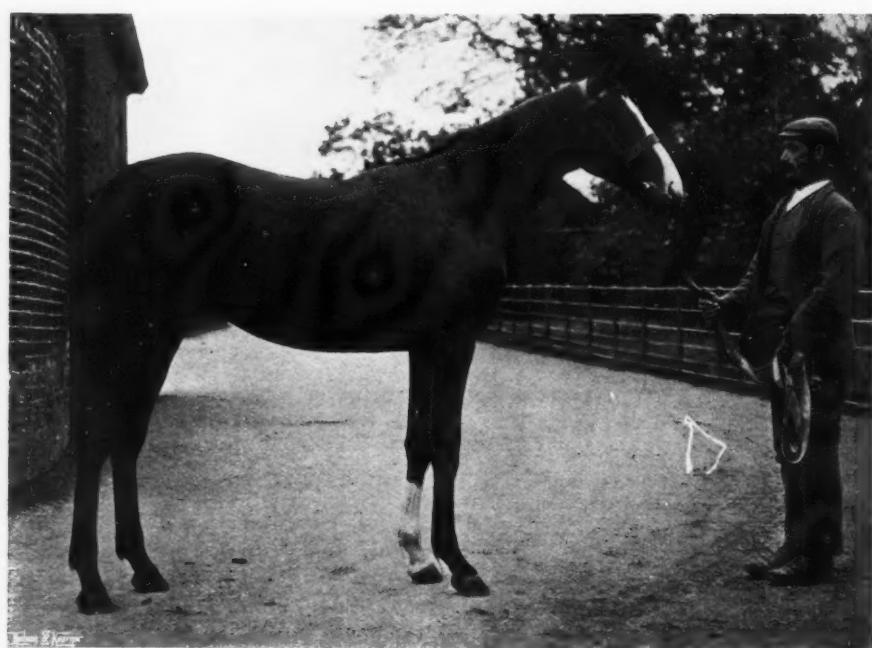
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FILLY BY ST. SIMON—TRAGEDY.

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COLT BY CARBINE—MAID OF THE MINT.

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very great deal to like about him, and he has every appearance of making a race-horse. He is, by the way, brother to Wargrave. I suppose that, on the principle of *place aux dames*, we should have taken the fillies first, and, all questions of courtesy apart, I am not sure that they do not absolutely deserve the first place. Very hard to match, let alone to beat, are these three young ladies. Very aristocratic is their lineage, and not one of them but is fit to take her place, as far as looks and bearing go, beside the most illustrious of her ancestors; but here, in my opinion—which I give for what it is worth—is the best of them all. Fortunately, perhaps, opinions differ; but I cannot get this daughter of Gallinule and Tierce out of my head, and the more I looked at her the more she grew upon me. I really hardly know how to describe her. All the details that go to make a race-horse are there; but it is, perhaps, the perfect symmetry of the whole that speaks most forcibly to one's eye. To my mind, there is an extraordinary family likeness to Pretty Polly (except in colour, of course); and I do not think I can be very far wrong, for the photograph of the filly, so well taken by Mr. Rouch, was lying on my desk as I wrote these lines, and an American owner of race-horses who is now in England, happening to come into the room, picked it up, and almost the first remark he made was, "My word, sir; but what a yearling this is; and isn't it like Pretty Polly!" Her picture will speak for her more eloquently than I can; but the points about her that appear to me to be the most noticeable are her beautifully placed shoulders and her really extraordinarily well-shaped back and loins. Her power behind the saddle is most remarkable. In this, and in the line from her hips to her hocks, and in her head and expression, lie much of her likeness to Pretty Polly. She has also a lovely forehead, with great rein, good depth of girth, well-sprung ribs, and good width of bone below the hocks. A star and snip, a white near pastern, and two white heels are the markings of this lovely filly, and I shall be sadly disappointed if those two white heels are not seen leading the field a merry dance when she makes her appearance on a race-course. It may, perhaps, be not inappropriate to remind those interested in these matters that the filly is sister to Game Chick. The breeding is interesting, and the full pedigree will be found at the end of this article.

Nothing but an exceptionally good one would bear looking at, with the beautiful daughter of Gallinule still fresh in one's memory; but the great raking filly by Persimmon out of Wedlock (12) faces the ordeal triumphantly, with her fine racing-like lines and quality, combined with great power and liberty; her hocks are "right down on the ground," she has good shoulders, great depth, first-rate loins and quarters, strong hooped ribs, wide hips, and covers a lot of ground in her stride. She is not unlike Sceptre about the head, and is a good whole-coloured bay with black points. It is worth noting that Wedlock is of the No. 12 family, for the reason that this is a very strong sire family, and that a filly bred as this one is will probably inherit through her dam the vital energy which is so necessary in mares mated with Persimmon. A very taking brown filly by St. Simon out of Tragedy is the last in place but not in order of merit; she is very sharp in her action, has a very "collected" style of moving, and goes a great pace; she has a very good back and loins, is well let down, with plenty of length, she shows plenty of character and quality, and is very good to follow; a very oddly-shaped star and white off heel are her markings. If make and shape are not deceptive, she will prove to be a worthy daughter of St. Simon, and her dan-

Tragedy, has quite a good old Irish ring about her pedigree; she is by Ben Battle out of The White Witch, by Massinissa. The breeding of this filly is of more than passing interest, and I should like to draw attention to it; more especially that of those interested in the study of the Bruce Lowe figures. Flying Fox, who was not only a great race-horse, but has already proved himself to be a most successful sire, was, as everybody knows, by Orme out of Vampire. Now, according to the figures, Orme is a No. 11 family sire, and Vampire a No. 7 family mare. In the case of this filly, her sire, St. Simon, is also of the No. 11 family, and her dam, Tragedy, is, like Vampire, a No. 7 family mare; more than this, the dam of Vampire was Irony, out of Sarcasm, out of Jeu d'Esprit. The dam of Tragedy was The White Witch, out of Jeu des Mots, out of Jeu d'Esprit. The pedigree is also well worth comparing on the sire side as well, and a study of it will show to what a remarkable extent this filly is bred on the same lines as Flying Fox.

These nine yearlings, six colts and three fillies, are an exceptionally level lot right through, and they are really remarkably bred, even for Sledmere. There are three St. Simons amongst them, and one cannot help remembering that there will not in the ordinary course of events be so very many more young St. Simon stock. Then there is the beautiful Gallinule filly, who, even if she did not race, must, from her breeding, be invaluable as a brood mare; and the others are sired by Florizel, Persimmon, Isinglass, and Royal Hampton. I cannot leave without a look at some of the famous Sledmere mares. In a well-sheltered, roomy paddock, carefully boarded in, and surrounded with trees, is a good-looking brown mare—Flower of Wit, by St. Florian out of Pun, who is occupied in bringing up a strong colt foal by Flying Fox. A sturdy customer he is, with his great quarters, knees, and hocks, and he has all the bone and strength this wonderfully successful young sire seems to transmit to all his stock. Then there is Tragedy, a bay mare, with a very nice colt foal by Orme, and that beautifully-bred mare Ornis, by Bend Or out of Shotover; she is in foal to Flying Fox, and has now a filly foal by St. Simon. Unfortunately, this well-bred



Rough. CHESTNUT FILLY FOAL BY FLYING FOX—ALTESSE. Copyright

least 16h. She is looking remarkably well, but had the misfortune to lose her twin foals last year. Maid of the Mint, by Minting out of Warble, a beautiful, short-legged mare, combining great power with plenty of quality, is in foal to Ayrshire; and close to her is Elizabeth M., in foal to St. Frusquin. This is a very taking sort of mare, with great scope and liberty. Orlet, a good type of a Bend Or mare, in foal to Flying Fox, and Tierce, the dam of the Gallinule filly and in foal to him again, have a paddock and roomy shelter-shed to themselves; and when one comes to look at Tierce it is not difficult to understand where her stock get their good looks from. She is quite a typical brood mare. In another paddock across the road is famous old Plaisanterie. Time has dealt lightly with her, and all the old beauty of shape and symmetry of form are there. Then there is that speedy mare Game Chick, about the best of her year as a two year old. She beat Ard Patrick in the Dewhurst Plate, and defeated Csardas and the mighty Sceptre in the Champagne Stakes. She is now followed about by her first foal, and a good one it is, with Florizel II. for its sire. Cymbeline is trotting about with her chestnut foal by Diamond Jubilee; Mimi has a chestnut colt foal by Persimmon, one of those gigantic Persimmon foals we are becoming accustomed to see—and just now this youngster looks as if he might be by a Shire horse; Wedlock has a chestnut foal by Isinglass, rather bigger than most of his stock, and with good legs and shoulders. T. H. B.

FILLY	GALLINULE (19)	Oxford 12 Whisper Stockwell 3 Isoline Newminster 8 Seclusion Skirmisher 2 Vertumna West Australian 7	Birdcatcher 11 Honey Dear Flatcatcher 3 Silence Baron 24 Pocahontas Ethelbert 12 Bassishaw Touchstone 14 Beeswing Tadmor 12 
TIERCE (14)	Barcadine 23 Ballyroe Belladrum 22 Bon Accord Oxford 12 Whisper Knight of Kars (3) Caricature	Solon 23 Daughter of Daughter of Catherine Hayes Adventurer 12 Birdcatcher mare Birdcatcher 11 Honey Dear Flatcatcher 3 Silence Nutwith 9 Pocahontas Pantaloan 17 Pasquinade	
Foil	Sterling (12) Sham Fight	Sterling 12 Isola Bella Hermit 5 Daughter of	

BROWN FILLY	ST. SIMON II	Galpin 3 Vedette 19 Flying Duchess King Tom 3 Adeline	Voltigeur 2 Martha Lynn Mrs. Ridgway Fg. Dutchman 3 Mérope Harkaway 2 Pocahontas Ion 4 Little Fairy The Baron 24 Rataplan 3 Pocahontas Young Alice Massinissa 17 Jeu des Mots	Voltaire 12 Birdcatcher 11 Nan Dayrell Bay Middleton 1 Barbelle 
TRAGEDY 7	The White Witch	Ben Battle 4 Young Alice Massinissa 17 Jeu des Mots		

## GRASS-FED PIGS.



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TAMWORTHS AT PASTURE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

**R**USTIC out-of-the-way little villages in Wiltshire have much that is common in their character, but one of the prettiest we know of is Cholderton, which is situated on the side of a commanding down about two miles from Grately Station. Here one finds the beautiful cottages of chalk with a covering of thatch which the labourers are able to build themselves, as has been described in our pages. The long, white mud walls, with their roof of thatch to preserve them from the effects of rain, and the curious dormer windows combine to lend an air of cleanliness and peacefulness to the village, the former quality being attributable in large measure to the whiteness of the mud walls. Besides, Mr. H. C. Stephens, who bought a property here some twenty years ago, has a taste for whitewash and white paint that rather emphasises the trait. He has built a great many cottages on his land, and they are of a most comfortable description. Perhaps the love of old things may account for a certain partiality we have for the native chalk as against the brick border and white stone centre of the new-built cottages. This, however, is merely a matter of personal predilection. It is impossible that any owner could have built for his servants and labouring people cottages more thoroughly commodious in every respect. They are more like small villas than the huts in which agricultural labourers are too frequently housed. As if to further accentuate the character of cleanliness which the village naturally possesses, he has built a large laundry, which contains many curious inventions, and is worked by electricity. He has made the motor serviceable in other respects. It not only lights the mansion, but drives a mill to grind food for the abundant live-stock, and also works a circular saw, where trunks of trees are

cut into logs apparently as easily as a knife passes through butter. However, it is not of the village, or of its surroundings, that we wish to speak at the present moment, but of the pigs, which Mr. Stephens has bred so carefully that we doubt if a finer herd of Tamworths exists in England. His reasons for choosing this breed are characteristic. He holds that, except it, "all our improved and fashionable breeds in England and America—Yorkshires, Berkshires, Essex, Dorsets, Poland Chinas—plainly show, from their short-faced, concave skulls, and their small bone, that, owing to repeated crossing, *Sus scrofa* has been almost cleared out of their blood." He says, also, that until the introduction of the Asiatic varieties of the *Sus indicus*, pigs in England and over Europe consisted of varieties developed under domestication from the wild boar of Europe. It is to the wild boar that he traces the varieties of the Tamworth, which possesses "length and straightness of skull, and a muscular, virile appearance, which does much to establish its claim to descent from the European wild boar. Its manners and character do not belie its looks, for it is active, predatory, and very prolific." Experts will not gainsay this description of the Tamworth, but in regard to its prolificacy that seems to be a feature which it is difficult to

preserve along with correct breeding. Purely-bred animals of any kind always tend to become less and less prolific. The real use of a highly-bred animal, apart, of course, from its showyard and stud career, or what may be called its fancy price, is that of crossing for purposes of commerce, and the number of Tamworths that are sold to go abroad affords proof that those who send us bacon are fully cognisant of its merits in this respect. In order to appreciate the nature of the breed, and



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WHITACRE BEAUTY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

particularly of Mr. Stephens's treatment of it, it is necessary to know something of its previous history. Mr. Sanders Spencer says, "This very hardy, if not handsome pig, was extensively bred in Leicestershire, Staffordshire, and Northamptonshire, and one or two adjoining counties, early in the present century. Even before the battle of Waterloo was fought these dark red and grisly pigs were general in those portions of the Midland Counties where considerable numbers of oak and beech trees were grown; large droves of these pigs were sent into the woods and forests, where they spent the chief part of the autumn and early winter, finding the major part, if not the whole, of their food." No doubt it must have been a pig something of this sort which Gurth and Wamba drove out for Cedric, the Saxon, in the neighbourhood of Ashton-under-Lyne, at least, if Mr. Stephens's plea for the antiquity of the breed is a valid one. The system of allowing them to rove from place to place in search of their own food, and the open-air, semi-wild life which they led, no doubt developed the strong constitution with which they are now credited. Mr. Stephens has it that they also possess "a rapid blood circulation, with fat and flesh of much finer flavour, and, in admixture, far more evenly diffused throughout the frame." Before the days of enclosure, when over many commons and wastes of the manor the pig was a commonable animal, it was usual to drive them out and let them, in the Scotch phrase, "fend for themselves," and



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SIX OF THE HERD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the question is to what extent this practice can be revived at the present day. Mr. Stephens is a great believer in the grass-fed pig, and the results he has achieved are the best testimony that can be given to the efficacy of his method. During the present year the Cholderton Tamworths have carried off the chief honours at nearly all the important agricultural shows. At the Royal they took a first and second for sows, a first for a pen of three boars, and a first for a pen of three sows, with the gold medal given by the National Pig-breeders' Association. At the show of the Bath and



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CHOLDERTON NANCY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

West of England they were even more successful, as a Cholderton was first for sows, and they were also first for a pen of three sows, highly commended for a pen of three sows, second for a pen of three boars, highly commended for a pen of three boars, and they won the challenge cup given by the British Tamworth Pig-breeders' Association, and the gold medal given by the National Pig-breeders' Association. At the Royal Lancashire they took two seconds for boars, and at the Yorkshire Show first for boar over twelve months, first for boar under twelve months, third for boar under twelve months, and first for sow under twelve months. This is a striking record, and the facts are more eloquent than words could be in regard to the effect of the system pursued at Cholderton.

Still, we think it ought to be applied by others with discretion. In the first place, it is no easy matter for the commercial pig-breeder to secure the quantity of land necessary



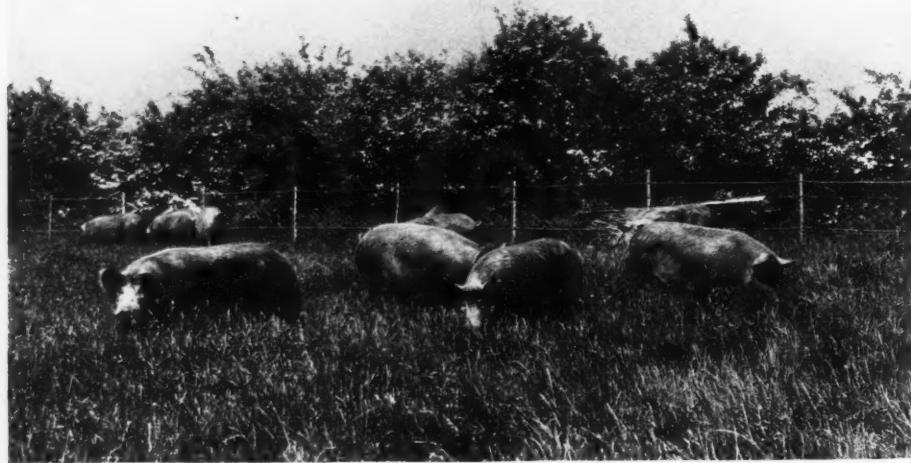
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DAM AND LITTER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Sept. 3rd, 1904.

for a roaming herd; and, in the second place, though no one can doubt as to the excellent constitution engendered by so much open-air exercise, and the quality of bacon which comes from an animal fed on sweet, natural, green herbage, it is difficult, if not impossible, to finish a pig in the open air. In point of fact, a very good business is done by those who purchase Tamworths from Cholderton in a half-ready condition, put them in a sty, and give them a final fattening for the



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READY FOR FINISHING.

market. It was very satisfactory to look at these shapely animals running about in the old farm steading, which we are glad to know Mr. Stephens has not reconstructed. It might be possible to make better buildings, but if once the picturesqueness of those standing were destroyed, it could never be again recovered. The Tamworth pig is unlike any other pig in existence. Those at Cholderton are very uniform in colour, and are distinguished by the long snout which is insisted upon by the patrons of the breed. They have the thin pricked and finely fringed ears and the long and muscular neck that are required. Their sides are deep, and they have a framework on which it is easy to see bacon can be judiciously laid. They are free and clean in their action, and altogether looked as attractive as it is in the nature of pigs to look.

## FROM THE FARMS.

### POULTRY FATTENING IN IRELAND.

**I**N the very interesting new number of the Journal of the Board of Agriculture, Mr. H. de Courcy gives an account of the method adopted in Ireland for maintaining a continuous supply of table birds. He begins by pointing out that in the matter of taste for good poultry the way is led by London. The Surrey fowl is not really raised in that county, but in Kent and Sussex. Its points are: (1) That it has a large, square body, weighing from  $4\frac{1}{2}$  lb. to  $5\frac{1}{2}$  lb.; (2) a plump, well-turned breast; (3) white skin and flesh; (4) short white legs; (5) light-coloured head and neck feathers. Many of these birds used to be obtained in a lean condition from Ireland and prepared in England for the London market. That is what induced the Irish, under the guidance of the Poultry Organisation Society, to undertake the work themselves; but the Irish fowls that used to be sent over were not good, being of coarse quality and needing to be kept too long to bring them near to the required standard. The work of one society in the way of improvement speaks for all; it operates over an area of about sixty square miles, and consists chiefly of farmers and labourers, the members numbering some 200. The share capital is about £300, held mostly in £1 shares, though a few of the well-to-do hold three or four shares each. In addition to the share capital there is a sum of from £200 to £500 borrowed from a banking company at  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. As the chickens are paid for when delivered at the stores, and it takes three weeks to fatten them, and another week before the price is received from England, a comparatively large capital is necessary. The native breeds have been improved by the dispersal among the members on favourable terms of suitable male birds. Those which have been found to do best are buff Orpingtons and Faverolles. The farmers breed chickens in their fields, and the labourers on their half-acre plots and wayside wastes.

### AN IMPROVED OUTLOOK.

It is very agreeable to note the more sanguine spirit in which those who best know the facts have recently been speaking concerning the prospects of agriculture. For example, Mr. Alfred Tanner, at the luncheon given at his sale of Shropshire sheep at Shrawardine, far from grumbling as farmers usually do, remarked on the goodness of the sheep trade both for pedigree stock and mutton. It was his opinion that for many years past not nearly so many had been sold for exportation as in the current year. Mutton was selling well, and this year they had an increase of from 30 per cent. to 40 per cent. in the price of wool. He said he remembered twenty years ago, when the depression was at its worst, it was said, "stick to your barley and your mutton, and you will weather the storm," a precept the truth of which he had proved by experience. Again, Lord Onslow, at the Marquess of Londonderry's Estate Show, congratulated the farmers on a year distinctly more prosperous than its predecessor, and on the same occasion the Marquess of Londonderry himself spoke in much the same vein. These are pleasant indications of what we hope will prove to be a permanent turn in the tide of agriculture. In regard to the increased price of wool Mr. Walter Morrison has offered what appears to be a very plausible explanation. He regards it as being due to several circumstances, among which the following are the chief: An epidemic amongst sheep in the Argentine Republic, the long drought in Australia, and the war between Japan and Russia, which has created an extraordinary demand for soldiers' blankets, great-coats, and horse-cloths.

### DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.

There is no disputing the fact that the great and most important event of the year to Ireland in general and Dublin in particular is the Horse Show, and Horse Show Week is the one time when the Irish metropolis is to be seen to the best advantage. It is impossible to calculate, even approximately, the amount of money which the Irish equine carnival brings into the city. In many cases rooms in principal hotels have been engaged for a year in advance; while boarding-houses and lodgings are in a most congested condition. Visitors to Dublin during "the Week" see the city at its very best, and no stranger could imagine it to be the poverty-stricken place it gets the credit of being. Everything is hurry and bustle. Daintily dressed ladies and immaculately attired men are seen everywhere, dashing about on "outsiders," as if gaiety was the one object of life and Dublin the one spot where it can be enjoyed to the full. "Dear, dirty Dublin" is, indeed, a stirring place for a few days, and it must make the citizens long for a perpetual show. Into the week are crowded race-meetings at Leopardstown and Phoenix Park, the Open Cup Polo Tournament, and four days of the show at Ball's Bridge. This is surely sufficient to surfeit the most gluttonous of society butterflies, and it is a pity that these amusements are not spread out a little, for then they would be more enjoyable. The presence of the Channel Fleet, under Lord Charles Beresford, at Kingstown added additional gaiety to the week, and many large yachts, with numbers of guests on board, were also in the harbour. The opening day of the show (Tuesday, 23rd) was fine, and, though the attendance was not quite up to last year's first day, yet there was a goodly and fashionable crowd present. The opening day used to be looked on more as a business one, as there is no jumping or fast trotting to attract the general public; but of late years the ladies are beginning to attend in very large numbers, and it is quite as fashionable a day as Wednesday or Thursday. The grounds at Ball's Bridge were looking their best last week, and the scene was a bright and stirring one. The Lord-Lieutenant paid a visit to the show early on the opening day, and a second one later in the day, in state, when he was accompanied by the Duchess of Beaufort, the Earl and Countess of Coventry, Hon. C. Ward, A.D.C., and Hon. Mrs. Ward, Hon. G. Cadogan, A.D.C., and others.

### INFECTIOUS SKIN DISEASES OF SHEEP.

Among the circles interested in the great industry of breeding pedigree sheep, the frequent recurrence of infectious skin diseases among our flocks has long been spoken of as "England's disgrace." The worst of these diseases causes enormous loss; yet though akin to mange, it is far more easily cured. A few

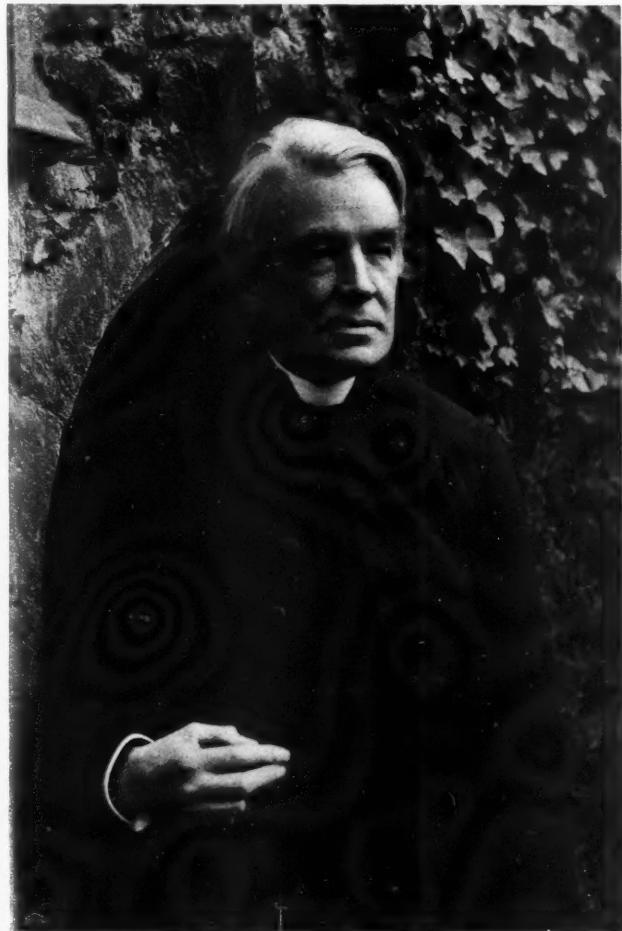
"dippings" kill the parasite, and this is so well known that on the most remote sheep-run in Australia, or backwoods settlement in Canada, the owner of sheep comes under the powers of a stringent law if he fails to dip his flock. It would have been thought that England, the "stock farm of the world," would have been the first and not the last country to enforce such an Act. But it is now proposed by the committee appointed to investigate the subject, that the local authority shall have powers to enforce one effective dip of all sheep yearly, within six months of shearing, that if the local authority fails to do this the Board of Agriculture may enforce it, and the cost be charged to the locality, and that the waste dip shall be so disposed of as not to injure either other animals or water supply.

## THE LATE DEAN OF ROCHESTER.

**B**Y the death of the Dean of Rochester (S. Reynolds Hole), a man is lost to England who has been for the last fifty years a distinct and distinguished figure in more ways than one. A High Churchman, his outlook was at the same time broad and generous—Catholic in the widest and truest sense. His large, wholesome nature abhorred anything narrow or petty. In the much vexed question of ritual that arose and raged during his early and middle life, he merely saw men striving to give expression to the same devotional convictions, after the manner of different temperaments.

He died on Saturday morning, August 27th, 1904, at the age of eighty-four, thus closing a life full of human benefit, of dignity, and of honour. He was educated at the grammar school of Newark and Brasenose College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1844, taking his M.A. degree in 1878. He succeeded his father as squire of the family place, Caunton Manor, near Newark, having previously become curate and afterwards vicar of Caunton. After many years of labour as parish priest, he rose, by successive stages of ecclesiastical preferment, as Rural Dean, Prebendary in Lincoln Cathedral, Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, with, later, the degree of D.D., to finally, in 1887, the Deanery of Rochester.

Looking back upon Dean Hole's career, both as distinguished ecclesiastic and as simple English gentleman, one cannot but be struck by the fact that the source of his power lay in the possession of those qualities that we, as a nation,



THE LATE DEAN HOLE.

pride ourselves upon, as, not exclusively, but essentially, English. The high courage, the valiant maintenance of truth and justice, with that sweetest of human kindness that showed itself so abundantly in his relations with all his human fellows of whatever degree—these were qualities that he abundantly possessed, and that gained him the complete confidence and affection, first of his parishioners, and later of his ecclesiastical comrades and superiors.

His qualities as a squire were as remarkable as those that made him so fine a Churchman and so inspiring and comforting a preacher; possibly because they were, at root, the same.

He was born and brought up in the country; he loved a good horse—in his younger days he was well known in the hunting-field; and he upheld, and knew the value of, manly sport in all its finest forms. He loved all country things with the deep-rooted affection of a man born in the home of his ancestors.

Early in life, soon after his Oxford days, his mind was awakened to the beauty of flowers, and to the enduring happiness that the love of a garden gives. His name will ever live in the annals of English horticulture in connection with roses, and in the many records of his close sympathy with all good gardening, contained both in the horticultural journals of his day and his own writings, of which "A Book about Roses," published in the sixties, and the "Six of Spades," published in 1872, are among the most important. He was one of the first to perceive and to combat by his pen the evil influence of the bedding system, that had overrun English places, both great and small, to the exclusion of the better ways of gardening, and to the temporary degradation in estimation, and often complete abolition, of many of the fine old plants now so justly restored to favour.

In this, as in all else, his level balance of mind and close sympathy with all that was nearly related to human happiness, enabled him to perceive what was right; and his valiant championship went far towards the re-establishment of the better ways of horticulture, and the renewal, in thousands of English homes, of the true, homely gardens of our ancestors, the gardens that give refreshment and ease of mind and thankful gladness of heart.

G. JEKYLL.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### PHOTOGRAPHY OF WILD FLOWERS.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

SIR,—I trust you will pardon the liberty I take in writing you with reference to an excellent article on the "Photography of Wild Flowers" in your issue of August 6th, which I read with pleasure. In that article the writer recommends an orthochromatic non-halation plate as the best for this kind of work. Being myself an amateur in photography, I should be pleased if you could tell me where I could get this plate, and also what speed of plate is the best to use; and, further, if this plate can be used for country work as well as town studies. I should be much obliged if you could give me this information, when I shall have a try at wild flowers.—JAMES TODD BALLANTYNE.

[There are many brands of orthochromatic plates—Edwards, Barnet, Mawson, Ilford, etc.—and by non-halation is meant that the plate is "backed." Most makers of orthochromatic plates supply them ready backed. Edwards and Co. always stock them, and call them "Isochromatic Anti-halo." These are made in three speeds, slow, medium, and instantaneous, and for most purposes the medium are best. Medium Isochromatic Anti-halo plates can hardly be surpassed for every description of work; indeed, it is now pretty generally acknowledged that orthochromatic or isochromatic methods secure the best results.—ED.]

### A WHITE SWALLOW.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

SIR,—In answer to the enquiry of your correspondent in COUNTRY LIFE of August 20th, I write to say that through last summer a cream white swallow was flying about my garden all the season.—M. E. MC CONNEL, Droitwich.

### DOGS AS CADDIES.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

SIR,—Mr. Horace Hutchinson's friend suggests anything but a fantastic scheme in putting forward the spaniel as a recoverer of lost golf balls. Many years since I had a bulldog who would sit on a chair whilst we were playing tennis. It constantly happened that a ball was driven into the shrubbery; he would then descend from his seat, find and bring the ball, and go back to his chair until his services were again called into requisition. He never interfered with any but a lost ball, and had very little, if any, training.—C. BERNEY-BROWN.

### LORD WEMYSS ON GOLF CLUBS.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to your notice of my "Unionist" Golf Club. I so named it because it does not "wear the green." It may interest your readers to know that I have letters from Old Tom Morris of St. Andrews, in which he says there is no improvement in golfers' play through the use of many irons as compared with the old wooden club days. Then golfers played with five wooden clubs and two irons, now they use only two wooden clubs and, at least, five irons, to the short-sighted destruction of all golf greens. I

consequently divide gollers into wooden heads and iron mongers. I am glad I belong to the wooden-headed, green-saving lot—few, alas! in number.—WEMYSS.

#### GRINLING GIBBONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]  
SIR,—I enclose a cutting from an article on Grinling Gibbons the carver, taken from your paper of October 31st, 1903. You will see that the writer tells how Gibbons went to live in a house at Deptford, where he was discovered by John Evelyn "reproducing in wood Tintoretto's great picture of the Crucifixion at Venice." My interest in this famous carver was first awakened by reading Austin Clare's charming story, "The Carved Cartoon," which concerns this very reproduction and its presentation to King Charles. And I should be very grateful if you or any of your readers could inform me, through the medium of COUNTRY LIFE, whether this "carved cartoon" of Gibbons' is still extant, and, if so, in whose possession it is now.—GLADYS S. H. CLISSOLD.

#### A MOUSE ON A MOUNTAIN TOP.

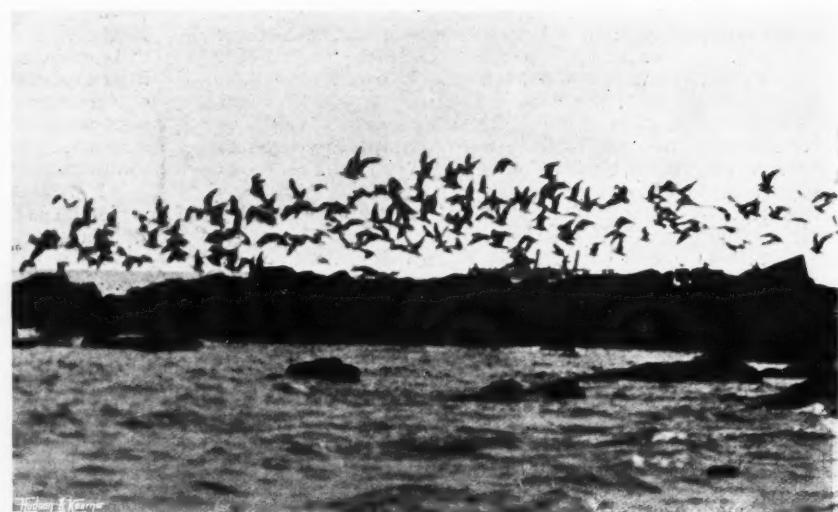
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]  
SIR,—Can any of the readers of COUNTRY LIFE explain the following incident, which occurred during a short stay in the Bernese Oberland? Above the valley in which Lauterbrunnen is situated rises the Drettenthorn, a mountain over 9,000ft. in height. On Saturday, August 20th, three of us, with a guide, reached the summit, after five hours' climbing, at about noon. The last part was steep, and the peak itself, consisting of loose stone and boulders, which covered the rock, added to the difficulty of the ascent; but snow lay about in patches only. We found, to our astonishment, that we were not the only living beings at the top. During our lunch, a quite unmistakable brown mouse approached us gradually to within 10ft. Our guide thought that it might have come to consume the remnants of our lunch. How could this mouse find its food? The upper 1,500ft. of the mountain are wholly devoid of vegetation, consisting largely of loose shale. The Drettenthorn is not often ascended, and the chance of people leaving food could hardly have afforded any sure means of sustenance. I hope that this may be of interest to your readers.—N. C. MADAN.

#### WEASEL AND RABBIT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]  
SIR,—When fishing the other day I saw a weasel, chasing a young rabbit, get up to it and strike; the rabbit squealed, as they always do. When the two old ones came out of the hedge and attacked the weasel by butting him off with their heads, the weasel running away into the hedge, I picked up the rabbit none the worse. I should like to know if this is a common occurrence.—H. WOODHOUSE.

#### THE SEAGULL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]  
SIR,—As a supplement to the beautiful pictures of flying seagulls that you



"OUR GREY BROTHERS."

showed last week, perhaps you may think it worth while to reproduce the enclosed photographs. One, as you will see, shows a large flock of "our grey brothers," as Mr. Swinburne calls them, flying over a low promontory, beside which a little fishing village nestles. The other shows a little boat in the open sea visited by gulls, to which one of the crew has been throwing broken biscuits and bits of fish, unmindful of the fact that a photographer in a companion vessel was making a sun record of the scene.—X.

#### A JERSEY QUEEN AND HER WHITE SLAVES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The accompanying snap-shot illustrates a most interesting performance which has been going on daily in our meadow during the recent hot sunny weather. As soon as our small Jersey herd of cows and heifers have settled themselves down on the grass for their siesta, and the "buzz" flies have found them out, the poultry hasten to the rescue, to the evident satisfaction of the Jerseys, who lie in peaceful, cud-chewing repose and allow the fowls and ducks to snip the flies from their very eyes and noses. In former years the fowls alone have acted as fly-catchers to their majesties, but this summer the white Aylesbury ducks have done the lion's share of the work, and as far as I can hear, or ascertain, it is a most unusual thing for them to

be so bold and confiding. The photograph was taken at a happy moment, when the "white slaves" were very busily employed.—AMY E. REID.

#### MARTINS AND SWALLOWS HAWKING WINGED ANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On August 27th I noticed a great assemblage of house-martins on and about the roof of my house, and remarked that they seemed to be assembling, as if for their migration flight, at a date unusually early. Looking more closely, I found that swallows were with the martins, and this aroused my doubts as to the purpose of their gathering, for the two species do not commonly go together. Then I saw that when they flew from the roof they went downwards at once, and went hawking about the tops of the orchard trees. Soon I was aware that the whole air was full of insects. The aspect of a nest of the small black ant soon showed the truth—that the ants were in flight. It was the winged ants that the swallows and martins had assembled to feed on, and they were not yet thinking at all of their migration flight. I had never seen nearly so large an assembly of these birds collected before, except in preparation for the flight southward. Perhaps this note will prevent others from being frightened prematurely, as I was, by this appearance of one of the first signs of the passing of summer.—H.



FEEDING THE GULLS.